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FROM THE
KENNETH MATHESON TAYLOR
FUND

GIVEN IN 1899 BY
JESSIE TAYLOR PHILIPS

IN MEMORY OF HER BROTHER
KENNETH MATHESON TAYLOR
(Class of 1890)

FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE

POEMS.

POEMS.

P O E M S

BY

E L I Z A C O O K.

There's a chiming brook in a leafy nook
That broadens as it goes,
With a healthy dower for Tree and Flower
Wherever its water flows ;
There's a voice that's heard in the Minstrel's word,
With an echo spreading wide,
Bearing along, for the weak and the strong,
New life in its airy tide.
And the Bard and the Streamlet ever shall be
Things leading with Joy to Eternity's Sea.

OLD SONG.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON :
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

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P O E M S.

DAY DREAMS.

"We are too apt to denounce as Folly much that belongs to the exquisitely Spiritual and Imaginative, and the highest pleasures of the highest natures may be said to resolve themselves into what are termed by the hard, cold worldling—'day dreams.'"

Day dreams, loved day dreams, still be mine,
Though wise ones mock the dreamer's breast;
Wisdom may press with serpent twine,
Till the crushed spirit moans for rest.

Though air-piled castles may not hold
The wealth that Man so fiercely craves ;
Yet, is there no bright stuff but gold,
No mortals rich but Mammon's slaves ?

We know our brains are oft entranced
By spells that weaken while they bind ;
And where our fairy hopes have danced,
Some withered rings are left behind.

Perchance the pearl we treasure up
 As Life's most dear and darling prize,
 Falls in some deadly acid cup,
 And melts before our weeping eyes.

Even Love's torch may sorely scorch —
 The fruit we pined for bring the asp ;
 And Fancy's wand, snatched from our hand,
 Be broken short in Reason's grasp.

Yet who would spurn the starry bloom
 That cheers the tangled path we tread,
 Because some blight may chance to light
 Upon the flowers, and lay them dead ?

Day dreams, ye've ever been to me
 God-sparks to warm my earthly clay ;
 Ye've been the leaves upon my tree,
 That Winter could not sweep away.

Ye've been the blessed phantom things,
 That sung wild music in mine ear,
 And freely lent me angel's wings,
 To seek awhile a rarer sphere.

Day dreams, ye came all thick and fair,
 When I went hunting down the bee,
 And fresh and beautiful ye were,
 As ripples on a moonlit sea.

And still ye haunt me, still I meet
The vision joys that then I met ;
My quickest, fullest pulses beat,
A child—a fool—a dotard yet.

Ah ! may ye ever claim my soul,
I could not live in stagnant thrall :
Better to start for wisp-light goal,
Than run no spirit race at all.

Up ! though I tread a dazzling ridge,
“ Excelsior ” is a noble shout ;
I’d climb on any rainbow ridge,
To let my heart look farther out.

Day dreams, bright day dreams, still be mine,
And though Life’s darkest clouds abound,
”Tis bliss to know that ye will shine,
And fling your silver edges round.

HERE'S MERRY CHRISTMAS COME AGAIN.

Here's merry Christmas come again,
With all it ever used to bring,
The mistletoe and carol strain,
The holly in the window-pane,
And all the bloom from hill and plain
That Winter's chilly hand can fling.

It must be welcomed with a song,
Though nothing new may fill the ditty ;
Old-fashioned feelings may be wrong,
But prejudice is very strong,
And dear old Christmas, woo'd so long,
Shall find us faithful, if not witty.

It comes with roar of city bells ;
It comes with many a village chime ;
And many a village grand-dame tells
Of places where the white ghost dwells,
Of demon forms, and robbers' cells,
And all the tales for Christmas time.

It comes with music in the hall,
 That stirs the old man in his chair,
 And when the midnight measures fall
 He'll lead the blithest dance of all,
 Spurning alike the chimney wall,
 And seventy years of wear and tear.

It comes with frolic, feast, and mirth,
 It sings the chants it used to sing,
 And makes the yule-log on the hearth
 An altar forge, where links of earth,
 That bound and broke in strongest girth,
 Are welded fast in Memory's ring.

Here's merry Christmas, and methinks,
 Although it seems an olden story,
 There's something pleasant in the winks
 Of blue-eyed fire that boils and blinks,
 Mocking the palm that snaps and shrinks
 Above the tempting plums of glory.

Here's merry Christmas, and it seems
 To call back Childhood to the breast,
 With kindly words and laughing screams,
 With leaping steps that shake the beams,
 With noisy games and happy dreams,
 And all of Life that's bright and best.

Bring fragrant bay with laurel tied,
 Bring shining chestnuts—how we'll roast 'em!
 Bring forth the bowl in wassail pride,
 Bring sack and brown ale, side by side,
 Bring foaming flip in endless tide,
 Bring friends around—and how we'll toast 'em !

Here's merry Christmas come again,
 Cling heart to heart and hand to hand.
 " Love one another," was the strain
 Of him who never taught in vain ;
 And let it sound o'er hill and plain,
 And rule the feast in every land.

DERBYSHIRE DALES.

I sigh for the land where the orange-tree flingeth
 Its prodigal bloom on the myrtle below ;
 Where the moonlight is warm, and the gondolier
 singeth,
 And clear waters take up the strain as they go.

Oh ! fond is the longing, and rapt is the vision
 That stirs up my soul over Italy's tales ;
 But the *present* was bright as the *far-off* Elysian,
 When I roved in the sun-flood through Derbyshire
 Dales.

There was joy for my eye, there was balm for my
 breathing :
 Green branches above me—blue streams at my side :
 The hand of Creation seemed proudly bequeathing
 The beauty reserved for a festival tide.

I was bound, like a child, by some magical story,
 Forgetting the “ South ” and “ Ionian Vales ; ”
 And felt that dear England had temples of Glory,
 Where any might worship, in Derbyshire Dales.

Sweet pass of the “ Dove ! ” mid rock, river, and dingle,
 How great is thy charm for the wanderer’s breast !
 With thy moss-girdled towers and foam-jewelled
 shingle,
 Thy mountains of might, and thy valleys of res .

I gazed on thy wonders—lone, silent, adoring,
 I bent at the altar whose “ fire never pales : ”
 The Great Father was with me—Devotion was pouring
 Its holiest praises in Derbyshire Dales.

Wild glen of dark "Taddington"—rich in thy robing
 Of forest-green cloak, with grey lacing bedight ;
 How I lingered to watch the red Western rays probing
 Thy leaf-mantled bosom with lances of light !

And "Monsal," thou mine of Arcadian treasure,
 Need we seek for "Greek Islands" and spice-laden
 gales,
 While a Tempe like thee, of enchantment and pleasure
 May be found in our own native Derbyshire Dales ?

There is much in my Past bearing way-marks of
 flowers,
 The purest and rarest in odour and bloom ;
 There are beings and breathings, and places and hours,
 Still trailing in roses o'er Memory's tomb.

And when I shall count o'er the bliss that's departed,
 And Old Age be telling its garrulous tales,
 Those days will be first when the kind and true-
 hearted
 Were nursing my spirit in Derbyshire Dales.

THE HARP'S WILD NOTES.

A Zephyr breath of wind is playing,
So softly none can trace its wings ;
And lone and fitful in its straying,
It falls upon the silver strings.

They pour an answering strain that never
Could be awoke by minstrel skill ;
The rarest melody that ever
Stirred from the chords to bless and thrill.

So rich, so full, so pure, so deep,
The air in dreamy sweetness floats ;
But only spirit hands can sweep
Such music from the Harp's wild notes.

So many a breast where music liveth,
May yield a store of measured tone ;
Full many a burning lay it giveth,
Its rarest breathing still unknown.

The throb of strange and holy feeling,
 The dearest joy, the saddest sigh,
 Will fill the soul with high revealing,
 But, like the Harp strain, it must die.

None can record the matchless theme
 That with the mystic Wind-kiss floats ;
 And none can learn the Poet's dream
 That singeth in the Heart's wild notes.

THERE IS NOTHING IN VAIN.

Oh ! prize not the essence of Beauty alone,
 And disdain not the weak and the mean in our way,
 For the world is an engine—the Architect's own,
 Where the wheels of least might keep the larger in
 play.
 We love the fair valley, with bloom in the shade,
 We sing of green hills—of the grape and the grain ;
 But be sure the Creator did well when he made
 The stark desert and marsh—for there's nothing in
 vain.

We may question the locust that darkens the land,
And the snake, flinging arrows of death from its eye;
But remember they come from the Infinite Hand,
And shall Man, in his littleness, dare to ask why?
Oh ! let us not speak of the "useless" or "vile,"
They may seem so to us—but be slow to arraign :
From the savage wolf's cry to the happy child's smile,
From the mite to the mammoth, there's nothing in
vain.

There's a mission, no doubt, for the worm in the dust,
As there is for the charger, with nostrils of pride ;
The sloth and the newt have their places of trust,
And the agents are needed, for God has supplied.
Oh ! could we but trace the great meaning of ALL,
And what delicate links form the ponderous chain ;
From the dew-drops that rise to the star-drops that fall,
We should see but one purpose, and nothing in vain.

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

I love the full and anthem swell of Ocean's sweeping
wave,

I love the soft and merry song where streamlet ripples
lave ;

And many an hour of lonely bliss I've lain and dreamed
away,

On weedy strand and grassy bank, to hear such min-
strels play.

But I have heard thy ready speech yield music that
exceeds

The solemn bass among the rocks—the treble in the
reeds ;

And I have learnt to love still more the language of
thy tones,

Than billows chiming round the cliffs—the brooklet
o'er the stones.

I love the broad and bright expanse of summer's glow-
ing sky,

Where honest light and beaming truth are seen by
every eye ;

I love the wide and spreading earth—the fresh and
shining plain,
All beautiful with rainbow bloom, and stored with har-
vest grain.
But I have seen thy open brow, and marked a presence
there,
A spirit like the azure noon—free, dazzling, strong,
and fair ;
And I have learnt to love that brow where dullest gaze
can find
The rich and vernal flowers of soul, the lasting fruits of
mind.

Full grateful in its greeting is the west wind on my
cheek,
And many a time I've wandered forth the balmy touch
to seek ;
And blessed are the greenwood arms that stretch upon
my way,
Holding me in their fragrant clasp, as though they'd
have me stay ;
But I have met thy earnest hand held forth in Friend-
ship's bond,
It was the herald of thy heart—firm, clinging, close,
and fond ;
The breeze may reek with roses now—the sweetest
tendrils clutch,
I know a dearer stealing breath—I know a dearer touch.

I love the shade of twilight's hour, when daisies go to rest,

When the round moon bedecks the East—the pale star gems the West;

I love the deep and placid tint that stains the ruin wall,
The colour of Time's mourning cloak—the one hue blending all.

But I have looked into thine eye, and seen a tinge of grey.

More soft and mellow than the veil worn by departing day.

'Tis darker than the crumbling stone, but oh ! its glances pour

A flushing ray into my breast it never felt before.

I will not praise as others praise—thou need'st it not from me,

Thy Genius has won its meed, and Fame is crowning thee ;

I care not that my lip should tell what every lip tells o'er,

The rudest spirit owns thy spell, and mine can do no more.

I held thee closely ere I knew thy gift was rare and great,

My being was enlinked with thine, by some entrancing fate.

And now I bow not to thee as the million gazers
nod,
To them thou art an incense pyre—to me a “ household
god.”

Sleep is a tyrant king in might—none can resist his
sway,
But yet how gentle are the means by which he wins his
way !
So thou hast come, all absolute, to rule my inmost
soul ;
But yet how calm, how dreamlike, is the strength of
thy control !
There are sealed pages in my heart, traced with illu-
minated hand,
That none can see, and if they did, oh ! who would
understand ?
But thou, by some strange sympathy, hast thrown a
searching look,
And read at sight the hardest scroll indorsed within the
book.

I love thee with a free-born will, that no rude force can
break—
Thou lovest me—I know thou dost—and for my own
poor sake ;

And though the coward's barb is launched, it can but
 vainly flit,
 While we may smile to watch the aim too meanly weak
 to hit.
 Time rears the trodden acorn-cup into the giant
 stem,
 Time guards within the roughest shell the pure and
 swelling gem ;
 Envy would crush Affection's germ, and scorn Truth's
 rugged place,
 But Time will show that both will grow, still gaining
 might and grace.

I've staked my faith upon thy heart—it will not cheat
 my hope—
 I cling to it as trustingly as sailor to the rope ;
 For God has e'er been good to me, and where I once
 believed,
 I never found my spirit left despairing and deceived.
 Full many a year may be in store before my grave is
 heaped,
 Perchance the sod may cover me before the corn is
 reaped ;
 But then or now thy form will be among the few dear
 things,
 Binding my soul to earthly joys—teaching that Death
has stings.

Fair is the sunny branch above—fair is the grass
around,
And fair the wild flowers, fresh and sweet, to Nature's
forehead bound :
But how much fairer would they seem, if thou wert
here to share,
The old elm's shade—the sodded bank—the bright and
perfumed air !
Thou'l wander from me far and long, but promise I
shall be
Remembered by thee as a bird thinks of its nesting
tree ;
Oh ! promise thou wilt heed *my* name as long as I heed
thine,
And Friendship's hand shall carve them both upon her
firmest shrine.

DID GOD SO WILL IT?

Did God so will it ? Truth is in the tone
 That so arraigns the evil deeds of Man,
 And worshippers at the Eternal throne
 Will breathe it forth in face of mortal ban.
 We note dark scenes that crowd upon our eyes,
 Rousing the bosom but to chafe and chill it.
 Oh, who shall gaze—nor feel the question rise,
 Did God so will it ?

The Holy Word, typed by the gentle bird
 Of Holy Peace, is often yelled around
 As a fierce war-cry—scaring while 'tis heard,
 Baiting and baying where bold Thought is found.
 “ Be merciful ” is the divine behest,
 Priests with the mission, how do ye fulfil it ?
 Even as Tyranny and strife attest—
 Did God so will it ?

The red-skinned savage holds his hunting-field
 As Nature's heritage by human law,
 Content with what the bush and river yield,
 His rugged wigwam and his tawny squaw.

But the smooth white face drives him back and back ;
 Let his voice tell of *Right*, and *Might* shall still it,
 Till his free steps are thrust from their own track—
 Did God so will it ?

The heirs to Fortune eat, drink, laugh, and sleep,
 Scarce knowing Winter's cold from Summer's heat,
 Strange contrast with the lank, pinched forms that
 creep
 With roofless heads, and bleeding, hearthless feet.
 While sated Wealth reclines to cull and sip
 Where the full feast is decked with flowery fillet,
 Wonder not Hunger asks with moody lip,
 Did God so will it ?

'Tis a fit question, when the coward hand
 Deals needless anguish to the patient brute :
 Proud, upright thing of clay, thou hadst command
 To rule, but not to torture, the poor mute.
 When thou wouldest urge the brave steed to a task,
 Knowing the mean inhuman work will kill it,
 Hearest thou not the voice of Conscience ask—
 Did God so will it ?

Crime clothed in greatness, holds a wondrous claim
 On the world's tenderness—'tis few will dare
 To call foul conduct by its proper name,
 When it can prowl and prey in golden lair.

But let the *pauper* sin—Virtue disgraced
 Rears a high seat, and Vengeance stern must fill it.
 Justice, thy bandage is not fairly placed—
 Did God so will it ?

'Tis a fit question to be put to Man
 When he would trample hearts already sad,
 Reckless what pressing trials crowd the span
 Of others' days—so that his own is glad ;
 'Tis a broad taxing, but the chainless mind
 Will dare to raise the doubtings that shall thrill it,
 Inquiring oft, 'mid factions base and blind,
 Did God so will it ?

Who can look out upon the earth, and see
 Much that is there, without a startling fear
 That Man has darkly set the Upas tree
 Where Nature gave him vineyard fruits to rear.
 Sorrow, Oppression, Carnage, Madness, Pain—
 Read the world's record—note how these do fill it ;
 Shrink not, but question straight with heart and brain,
 Did God so will it ?

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

The village church is passing gay,
 The bells gush out in merry tune,
 A flag is o'er the turret grey,
 The porch holds all the flowers of June,
 For Youth and Beauty come to wed,
 With bounding form and beaming eye—
 With all the rapture Love can shed,
 And all the hope that Gold can buy ;
 And children twine with noisy glee,
 White favours round the cypress tree.

An old man sitteth on a grave,
 His steps no more are firm and fast ;
 And slenderly his white locks wave,
 As breeze and butterfly go past.
 A gentle smile lights up his face,
 And then he turns to gaze around ;
 For he has come to choose the place
 Where he shall sleep in hallowed ground :
 “ Just by yon daisy patch,” saith he,
 “ ‘Tis there, ‘tis there, I’d have it be.”

The bridal hearts in triumph glow,
 With all the world before them yet ;
 The old man's pulse beats calm and slow,
 Like sun rays, lengthening as they set.
They see the fancied hours to come,
He sees the real days gone by ;
 They deem the earth a fairy home,
 He thinks it well that man should die.
 Oh ! goodly sight—it should be so—
 Youth glad to stay—age fit to go !

**LIKE THE EVERGREEN SO SHALL OUR
FRIENDSHIP BE.**

To ——.

Some liken their love to the beautiful rose,
 And some to the violet sweet in the shade ;
 But the Flower Queen dies when the Summer-day
 goes,
 And the blue eye shuts up when the Spring blossoms
 fade !

So we'll choose for our emblem a sturdier thing,
 We will go to the mountain and worship its tree ;
 Then a health to the Cedar—the Evergreen King,
 Like that Evergreen so shall our Friendship be.

The perfume it carries is deeply concealed,

Not a breath of rich scent will its branches impart ;
 But how lasting and pure is the odour revealed
 In the inmost and deepest recess of its heart !
 It groweth in might and it liveth right long ;
 And the longer it liveth the nobler the tree ;
 Then a health to the Cedar—the true and the strong,
 Like the Evergreen so shall our Friendship be !

It remaineth unseared in the deluge of light,
 When the flood of the sun-tide is pouring around ;
 And as firmly and bravely it meeteth the night,
 With the storm-torrent laden, and thunder-cloud
 crowned ;
 And so shall all changes that Fortune can bring,
 Find our spirits unaltered and stanch as the tree ;
 Then a health to the Cedar—the Evergreen King—
 Like that Evergreen so shall our Friendship be !

**"LET NOT THE SUN GO DOWN UPON YOUR
WRATH."**

" Father, forgive us," is our daily prayer,
 When the worn spirit feels its helpless dearth ;
 Yet in our lowly greatness do we dare
 To seek from Heaven what we refuse on earth.
 Too often will the bosom, sternly proud,
 Bear shafts of vengeance on its graveward path ;
 Deaf to the teaching that has cried aloud,
 " Let not the sun go down upon your Wrath."

We ask for mercy from the God above,
 In morning worship and in vesper song ;
 And let us kindly shed the balm of love,
 To heal and soothe a brother's deed of wrong.
 If ye would crush the bitter thorns of strife,
 And strew the bloom of peace around your path—
 If ye would drink the sweetest streams of life,
 " Let not the Sun go down upon your Wrath."

Were this remembered, many a human lot
 Would find more blessings in our home below ;
 The chequered world would lose its darkest blot,
 And mortal record tell much less of woe.
 The sacred counsels of the Wise impart
 No holier words in all that language hath ;
 For light divine is kindled where the heart
 Lets not the Sun go down upon its Wrath.

MY OWN.

“ My own, my own ”— oh ! who shall dare
 To set this seal of claim on earth,
 When “ chance and change ” are everywhere,
 On all and each of human birth ?

“ My own, my own ”— these words are breathed
 By the young mother o'er her child ;
 Her Hope and Joy about it wreathed,
 Like moss to wood flowers— warm and wild.

“ My own, my own ”— so gently sighs
 The doting lover to his bride,
 Finding his sunshine in her eyes,
 His world of Pleasure by her side.

“ My own, my own ”— so gaily sings
 The merchant with exulting lip,
 While the strong Eastern pinion brings
 The heavy freight and gallant ship.

My own, my own”— the miser cries,
 O'er tarnished dross and parchment fold,
 Chained where his cumbrous coffer lies,
 With hand all close and heart all cold.

“ My own, my own ”— the poet one
 Thus fondly hails his minstrel power,
 While dreaming in the summer sun,
 Or musing in the moonlight hour.

“ My own, my own ”— the fair girl says,
 Noting her beauty, young and bright ;
 Smoothing her ringlet as it strays
 Upon her cheek, with proud delight.

“ My own, my own ”— these words resound
 Distinctly through the Babel noise,
 From Kings with mighty nations round,
 And infants o'er their gathered toys.

"My own, my own"—aye, thus we boast—
 Short-sighted worshippers of clay ;
 Yet where's the heart that holds no ghost
 Of treasures lent and snatched away ?

Who has not stood beneath Life's tree,
 Rapt by some song-bird, perching nigh,
 And when the music seemed to be
 The sweetest, seen the warbler fly ?

Who has not planted some fair shoot,
 Nursing it as the garden gem,
 And seen foul canker sap its root,
 Or rushing storm wind snap the stem ?

Do we not meet hard blows, that fall
 Upon the pile deemed most secure ?
 Do we not grieve the strokes that leave
 The poet mad—the rich man poor ?

Do we not see deep love estranged—
 Thrust from the heart it held so dear,
 And all the dazzling garlands changed,
 For willow branches, dead and sear ?

Do we not see the pest-worm steal
 The rose of Beauty to destroy?
 Does not the frantic mother kneel
 Beside her "own," her coffined boy?

"My own, my own"—oh, cheating speech,
 How soon its falsehood smites the breast!
 What monitors come nigh to teach
 Man to be *humble* while he's *blest*!

Who shall presume with boasting hand
 To trace such words on aught below!
 It is but writing on the sand,
 Where troubled waters ebb and flow.

Our "talents" are but held in trust,
 Grasp them as closely as we will;
 And draughts that swim with highest brim,
 The lightest touch will serve to spill.

"My own, my own"—oh! who shall dare
 Thus to defy Pain, Woe, and Strife,
 When chance and change are everywhere,
 And Death walks hand-in-hand with Life?

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE SHEFFIELD MECHANICS
EXHIBITION, 1846.

The ice-bound tide with currents pent beneath
Is stagnant, dreary, dull, and sad as Death ;
Black, frowning clouds hang like a pall unfurled
Above the source whose Commerce aids a world.
The *River's frozen*—and the “ outward bound ”
Lies like a coffin in the ice-grave round.

The stripling boy with dust-polluted skin,
Sees no soft bubble-plash to tempt him in ;
The famished wild dove, fluttering far to seek
For water, falls with stiff unmoistened beak,
And vernal bloom that fain would deck the bank,
Crushed by the chill breath, leaves a cheerless blank.

But see ; the summer sun with glowing beam
Flings radiant warmth upon the torpid stream ;
The dense and blackened mass is seen no more—
Life stirs the waters—Joy is on the shore,
And fast and fresh the tide goes rolling by
Beneath the glory of a cloudless sky.

The laden bark hastes onward with her freight,
 Destined to cheer some lone and distant state ;
 The growing children loiter by the side,
 Watching the waves that sparkle as they glide,
 Wading knee-deep, to touch the lily's brim,
 Till bold in Hope—they plunge—strike out—and swim.

The bird, whose soft notes hail Affection's nest,
 Comes nigh to drink and lave its downy breast,
 The flowers that spring burst forth with deeper hue,
 With sweeter perfume, and a richer dew ;
 And the pure River, spreading as it goes,
 Bears Health and Loveliness where'er it flows.

Knowledge, bright Knowledge, so *thy* sun must shine,
 And leave unchained the spirit stream divine.
 Knowledge, fair Knowledge, 'tis alone thy ray
 Can melt the bars of mortal ice away ;
 Thy honest sunshine only can unbind
 The hard cold fetters freezing up the *Mind*,
 Letting the tide of Intellect run free
 With clear warm gush to the Eternal Sea.

Fair Knowledge pleads the Universal Cause,
 Truth in her language—justice in her laws ;
 Leading rude ignorance with gentle hand
 To join Creation's highest, noblest band,

Loudly proclaiming that her humblest halls
 Aid Peace and Virtue more than prison walls.
 Where do we list the teachings that impart
 Strength to the brain, and Beauty to the heart?—
 There do we gain the wisdom that bestows
 Balm for our own and care for others' woes ;
 There do we learn to prize the mercies sent,
 And hail the giver with a glad content ;
 And all must bless the Temple that is raised
 Where Man grows happier while God is praised.

**"BONNIE SWEET ROBIN" IS " NAE DEAD
 AND GANE."**

[Written for the Anniversary of the Birthday of Robert Burns,
 at Sheffield, January 25th, 1848.]

Oh ! say not in sadness, the Bard has departed,
 While Memory thus is enshrining his name ;
 For the perfume his chaplet of bay-leaves imparted,
 Lives fragrantly yet in the breathing of Fame.
 While we think of him over the "crimson-tipped
 flower,"
 While we chant forth his soul in the "Bannock-
 burn" strain,
 While we bend to his harp as we do at this hour,
 Oh ! "Bonnie sweet Robin" is "nae dead and
 gane."

His love plaints in exquisite tenderness breaking,
 Still fall on our ear as the dew on the earth ;
 His song of proud honesty still is awaking
 Man's sense of the greatness that springeth from
 Worth.

While rare " Tam O'Shanter " calls smiles to our faces,
 While " Mary in Heaven " brings something of pain ;
 While " Puir Maillie " is mourned, and " Twa Dogs "
 keep their places,
 Oh ! " Bonnie sweet Robin " is " nae dead and
 gane."

It is bitter to know we must tell a dark story,
 Of Poverty thrusting him on to his grave ;
 That he struggled with Sorrow while working for
 Glory,
 A toiler—a victim—but never a *slave*.
 Yet his spirit now seemeth to hover beside us,
 The sepulchre-stone was laid o'er him in vain,
 He is here as God's teacher, to prompt and to guide us,
 And, " Bonnie sweet Robin " is " nae dead and
 gane."

He lighted the beacon that burneth for ever,
 He opened the well-spring that cannot dry up ;
 He poured Truth in the chalice he left us, and never
 Shall noble Humanity turn from the cup.

While we've hearts in our bosoms that know how to
cherish
The hands that unfasten the world's heavy chain—
Till the Good and the Beautiful utterly perish,
Oh ! "Bonnie sweet Robin" is "nae dead and gane."

AN OLD TUNE.

To C. C.

Dost thou remember when we roved in Summer's
glowing prime,
While Friendship's sacred bells rung out a soft and
merry chime ?—
Dost thou remember where we stood beneath the old
elm boughs,
With laughing speech upon our lips and mirth upon our
brows ?—
Dost thou remember singing there, in wild and fitful
tone,
A melody of by-gone days—one of sweet Nature's own ?

Dost thou remember, Lady, when the topmost leaf was
green,
Hushing the ring-dove overhead with "Jock o' Hazel-
dean?"

Oh, little didst thou know the spell that old tune had
for me,
A mist came o'er the broad blue air, a dimness round
the tree,
I knew the branch was still as bright, I knew the sky
was clear,
But I was breathing through a sigh and gazing through
a tear.
That old tune brought a busy crowd of shadows to my
side,
It flung a narrow flood-gate back that let in Memory's
tide.
Quick visions came upon my heart of all that once had
been,
When other lips enchained my ear with "Jock o' Hazel-
dean."

I knew Affection's lonely dove still dwelt within my
breast,
And deemed that it had ceased to miss the one that
cheered and blessed ;

I knew its mournful note full long had been acutely deep,
 But thought the dark grey wing of Time had nestled it
 to sleep ;
 Not so, not so ; that old tune bore my spirit on its
 breath,
 Back to the days when Hope and Joy made life a wild-
 flower wreath,
 It bore me to the rude porch seat behind the woodbine
 screen,
 Where many a summer night I heard sweet " Jock o'
 Hazeldean."

It called up kind and gentle eyes whose glances fell on
 mine,
 Like the soft moon that looketh down to bid the dew
 gems shine ;
 It raised again the homaged form, it brought the placid
 smile,
 Till the electric flash of Pain laid waste my fairy pile.
 Lady ! I know thou lovest me—but scarcely canst thou
 tell
 How bitterly this brain can throb, how fast these heart-
 strings swell ;
 As blight winds wither up the flower, yet do their work
 unseen,
 So didst thou smite my glowing soul with " Jock o'
 Hazeldean."

That old tune taught me still to feel how weak and
wild a thing

This bosom is in face of all that reason's aid can bring ;
And had I lingered by thy side, perchance thou mightst
have smiled,

To find me as a harp untuned, and weeping like a child.
Lady! I know thou lovest me—let others chant the
strain,

But do not thou e'er sing to me that ballad lay again ;
For something in thy earnest tones—probing where
wounds have been,

Reminds me of a mother's voice in " Jock o' Hazel-
dean."

A SONG FOR THE DOG.

A Song for the Dog, aye, a song from the heart,
 Let the sensitive leaf of man's vanity start;
 But a Song for the Dog shall be merrily trolled,
 As the meed of the honest, the fond, and the bold.

Ye heirs to a bright immortality born,
 Oh ! lift not your heads in the triumph of scorn ;
 Take some heed how ye sneer at the cur o'er his bone,
 Whose good work, fairly weighed, might out-balance
 your own.

Come hither, blind pilgrim, say who is thy guide ?
 No son of proud reason is found at thy side !
 How is it thou darest, all sightless, to roam,
 And canst track out the pathway safe back to thy
 home ?

“ ‘Tis my Dog that I trust to,” the darkened one cries,
 “ And he ministers well to my visionless eyes ;
 He leadeth me gently, and heralds my feet
 Through the world’s busy mob and the city’s long
 street.

" Ah ! where is another, whose patience and care
 Would endure so unwearyed the task and the fare ?
 'Tis my Dog that I trust to, and ne'er can I find
 Such a friend to the palsied, the poor, and the blind."

Rigid-limbed traveller mounting the peak,
 With the blood curdling fast in thy heart and thy
 cheek ;
 Thine eyelids are heavy—thy breathing grows deep,
 And sleep hath come over thee—terrible sleep.

Who shall discover thy snow-curtained bed ?
 Who shall stand up between thee and the dead ?
 Who shall tear off the cold wrap from thy form,
 And call loudly for help through the shriek of the storm ?

It is not man's footstep—that ne'er would have found
 thee ;
 It is not man's hand—that would ne'er have unbound
 thee ;
 It is not man's wisdom—his powers had failed—
 'Tis the Dog that has come where the man would have
 quailed.

The lisping child snatches the blossom and brake
 That spring by the side of the blue-bosomed lake ;
 Till, heedless with laughter, he slips from the brink,
 And a horror-struck mother beholdeth him sink.

But hark—there's a plunge, a brave diver is out,
 Whose ready zeal needs no encouraging shout ;
 'Tis the Newfoundland playmate—the soulless, the
 mute,
 And God's beautiful image is saved by the brute.

There's one that is keeping the wide scattered flock ;
 Now pacing the moorland, now perched on the rock ;
 Now quietly watching the lambs at their play,
 Now arresting the steps that would wander away.

He rules, as all should rule, with merciful peace,
 He preserveth the sheep, yet he covets no fleece ;
 He is true to his charge when the red sun gets up,
 He is there when night closes the gold-blazoned cup.

His master may conjure some love-whispered dream ;
 He may rove in the shade—he may rest by the stream—
 He may pillow his head on the heath-covered steep—
 If the Dog is awake—why the shepherd may sleep.

“ Yoicks ! yoicks, tally-ho ! ” and away rush glad men,
 Over hill, sod, and furrow—through copse, wood, and
 glen ;
 “ Hark, forward”—on, on, with a cheer, and a bound,
 But man, mighty creature, must trust to the *hound*.

Up with the barrel, the pheasant is nigh,
 " Quick, quick, to the shoulder—he rises, let fly ;"
 The bird's in the bag, but who will not confess,
 'Twas the nose of old Ponto insured the success ?

Weary and lonely the beggar goes by,
 No warm heart to expect him, no friendly hand nigh ;
 But among all the sorrows that misery deals,
 We may see the starved cur ever close at his heels.

The one who for years has been missed in his place,
 May return with strange shadows of time on his face ;
 Friends have forgotten the wandering boy,
 But the old dog remembers and hails him with joy.

Then a health to the noble, the honest old Tray,
 The watchman of night, the companion of day ;
 And a Song for the Dog shall be merrily trolled
 As the meed of the faithful, the fond, and the bold.

“ DON’T YOU REMEMBER ? ”

Oh ! these are the words that eternally utter
 The spell that is seldom cast o’er us in vain ;
 With the wings and the wand of a fairy they flutter,
 And draw a charmed circle about us again.
 We return to the spot where our infancy gambolled ;
 We linger once more in the haunts of our Youth ;
 We re-tread where young Passion first stealthily
 rambled,
 And whispers are heard full of Nature and Truth,
 Saying, “ Don’t you remember ? ”

We treasure the picture where Colour seems breathing
 In lineaments mocking a long-worshipped face ;
 We are proud of some tress in a chain of close wreathing,
 And gold-links of Ophir are poor in its place.
 Oh ! what is the secret that giveth them power
 To fling out a star on our darkest of ways ?
 ’Tis the tone of Affection—Life’s holiest power—
 That murmurs about them, and blissfully says,
 “ Don’t you remember ? ”

The voice of Old Age, while it tells some old story,
 Exults o'er the tale with fresh warmth in the breast ;
 As the haze of the twilight e'er deepens the glory
 Of beams that are fast going down in the west.
 When the friends of our boyhood are gathered around
 us,
 The spirit retraces its wild-flower track ;
 The heart is still held by the strings that first bound us,
 And Feeling keeps singing, while wandering back,
 " Don't you remember ? "

When those whom we prized have departed for ever,
 Yet perfume is shed o'er the cypress we twine ;
 Yet fond recollection refuses to sever,
 And turns to the Past, like a saint to the shrine.
 Praise carved on the marble is often deceiving,
 The gaze of the stranger is all it may claim ;
 But the strongest of love and the purest of grieving
 Are heard when lips dwell on the missing one's name,
 Saying, " Don't you remember ? "

THERE'S A HERO IN THE SOUTH.

There's a Hero in the South,
Though he bear no Soldier trappings,
There's a Hero in the South,
Though he wear but Pontiff wrappings.

He looketh Wrong in the face,
With full and firm defiance ;
He holds his sacred place
On his own high heart's reliance.

He hath wrought the noble things
That tyrants note with terror ;
He is delving to the springs
That wash out Crime and Error.

He hath risen like the wind
On a venom-breeding Ocean ;
His altar is Mankind,
Where his spirit yields Devotion.

He hath taught mistaken Kings,
 With lessons calm and steady,
 That beneath his ring-dove wings
 An eagle's strength is ready.

His gauntlet's on the ground,
 Injustice seeks the quarrel ;
 His brow is chaplet bound,
 'Tis Truth that weaves the laurel.

He shuns no battle might,
 He fears no hidden traitor ;
 His voice is for the Right,
 Oppression's honest hater.

He is doing saintly deeds
 And miracles of glory,
 To startle him who reads
 Great Europe's future story.

Men's worship and God's care
 Be given to his being !
 For his holy work shall bear
 A fruit beyond our seeing.

All honour to "the Pope!"
 Long life and Fame to "Pius!"
 The world's heart still may hope,
 While such as he stand by us.

MY OLD COMPANIONS.

My heart has yearned, like other hearts,
With all the fervour Youth imparts ;
And all the warmth that Feeling lends
Has freely cherished “troops of friends.”
A change has passed o'er them and me,
We are not as we used to be ;
My heart, like many another heart,
Sees old companions all depart.

I mark the names of more than one,
But read them on the cold white stone ;
And steps that followed where mine led,
Now on the far-off desert tread ;
The world has warped some souls away,
That once were honest as the day ;
Some dead—some wandering—some untrue—
Oh ! old companions are but few.

But there are green trees on the hill,
 And blue flags sweeping o'er the rill
 And there are daisies peeping out,
 And dog-rose blossoms round about.
 Ye were my friends " long, long ago,"
 The first bright friends I sought to know ;
 And yet ye come—rove where I will,
 My old companions, faithful still.

And there are sunbeams, rich and fair,
 As cheering as they ever were ;
 And there are fresh winds playing nigh,
 As freely as in time gone by ;
 The birds come singing as of yore,
 The waves yet ripple to the shore ;
 Howe'er I feel—where'er I range,
 These old companions never change.

I'm glad I learnt to love the things
 That Fortune neither takes nor brings ;
 I'm glad my spirit learnt to prize
 The smiling face of sunny skies ;
 'Twas well I clasped with doting hand
 The balmy wild flowers of the land ;
 For still ye live in friendship sure,
 My old companions, bright and pure.

Though strong may be the ties we make,
The strongest mortal tie may break ;
Though warm the lips that love us now,
They may perchance forswear the vow,
We see pale Death and envious Hate,
Fling shadows on Life's dial-plate ;
Noting the hours when dark sands glide,
And old companions leave our side.

But be we sad, or be we gay,
With thick curls bright, or thin locks grey ;
We never find the spring bloom meet
Our presence with a smile less sweet.
Oh ! I am glad I learnt to love
The tangled wood and cooing dove ;
For these will be, in good or ill,
My old companions, changeless still.

TO WILLIAM THOM,

THE INVERBURY POET.

[Written after Reading his Poems.]

Oh! my heart is aching, Willie,
 And mine eye forgets to shine ;
 Heavy sighs are breaking, Willie,
 From this trembling breast of mine.
 Thou hast caused the gentle woe,
 Thou hast wrought it all, Willie ;
 Thou hast bid my bosom throe,
 And my hot tear fall, Willie :
 Oh! that I were less like thee,
 Then this anguish would not be.

O'er thy draught of sorrow, Willie,
 I have hung with smileless lip ;
 The cup is sad to borrow, Willie,
 Yet a kindred one *will* sip.
 Thy spirit, like the willow, grieves—
 In fresh and fragrant suit, Willie ;

With beauty in its drooping leaves,
 And strength about its root, Willie:
 A spirit every breeze may shake,
 But not a thousand tempests break.

Thou hast oft been smitten, Willie,
 With a hard and stunning blow ;
 Truth's rough hand has written, Willie,
 Bitter lines upon thy brow.
 Death and want, with goading might,
 Have bowed thee to the earth, Willie,
 But darkest mines will give to light
 The gem of matchless worth, Willie :
 And thus thy lay of rarest power
 Has sprung from misery's hopeless hour.

Though thy harp is lonely, Willie,
 It has strings so sweet and deep,
 That honest nature only, Willie,
 Could have taught thee how to sweep.
 'Neath the weaver's lowly roof,
 Bravely hast thou done, Willie ;
 Blending with thy warp and woof,
 Beam-threads of the sun, Willie,
 That will shed a fadeless ray
 When you and I have passed away.

Take this leaf of laurel, Willie—
 Brighter ones to thee belong;
 Yet thou wilt not quarrel, Willie,
 With a sister's greeting song.
 I cannot bind with worldly chains,
 I cannot give thee wealth, Willie,
 But I can bless thee for thy strains,
 And wish thee Peace and Health, Willie ;
 And hold thee as a shining one—
 Poor, but God's high-hearted son.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

Look out, look out, there are shadows about,
 The forest is donning its doublet of brown ;
 The willow tree sways with a gloomier flout,
 Like a beautiful face with a gathering frown !
 'Tis true we all know that summer must go,
 That the swallow will never stay long in our eaves ;
 Yet we'd rather be watching the wild rose blow,
 Than be counting the colours of autumn leaves !

Look high, look high, there's the lace-winged fly,
 Thinking he's king of a fairy realm,
 As he swings with delight on the gossamer tie,
 That is linked 'mid the boughs of the sun-tipped elm !
 Alas ! poor thing, the first rustle will bring
 The pillars to dust, where your pleasure-clue weaves,
 And many a spirit, like thine, will cling
 To hopes that depend upon Autumn leaves !

Look low, look low, the night gusts blow,
 And the restless forms in hectic red
 Come whirling and sporting wherever we go,
 Lighter in dancing, as nearer the dead !
 Oh ! who has not seen rare hearts, that have been
 Painted and panting, in garb that deceives,
 Dashing gaily along in their fluttering sheen
 With Despair at the core, like Autumn leaves !

Look on, look on, morn breaketh upon
 The hedge-row boughs, in their withering hue ;
 The distant orchard is sallow and wan,
 But the apple and nut gleam richly through.
 Oh ! well it will be if our life, like the tree,
 Shall be found, when old Time of green beauty
 bereaves,
 With the fruit of good works for the planter to see
 Shining outin Truth's harvest, through Autumn leaves !

Merrily pours, as it sings and soars,
 The west wind over the lands and seas,
 Till it plays in the forest and moans and roars,
 Seeming no longer a mirthful breeze !
 So music is blest, till it meeteth a breast
 That is probed by the strain, while memory grieves,
 To think it was sung by a loved one at rest,
 Then it comes like the sweet wind in Autumn leaves !

Not in an hour are leaf and flower
 Stricken in freshness, and swept to decay,
 By gentle approaches, the frost and the shower
 Make ready the sap veins for falling away !
 And so is Man made to as peacefully fade,
 By the tear that he sheds, and the sigh that he
 heaves,
 For he's loosened from earth by each trial-cloud's shade,
 Till he's willing to go, as the Autumn leaves !

Look back, look back, and you'll find the track
 Of human heart, strewn thickly o'er
 With joy's dead leaves, all dry and black,
 And every year still flinging more.
 But the soil is fed where the branches are shed,
 For the furrow to bring forth fuller sheaves,
 And so is our trust in the Future spread
 In the gloom of mortality's Autumn leaves !

WILT THOU BE TRUE?

INSCRIBED TO ——.

“ Wilt thou be true ? ” we ask it of the flower
 That decks our garland in the festive scene ;
 But leaves that fall before the parting hour
 Mock us, and tell how vain the words have been,
 “ Wilt thou be true ? ”

“ Wilt thou be true ? ” we ask it of the billow,
 And launch our bark upon the crystal tide ;
 But many a seaweed shroud and coral pillow
 Have met the lips that trusted while they cried,
 “ Wilt thou be true ? ”

“ Wilt thou be true ? ” we ask it of the heaven
 That shines all bright and beaming on our way ;
 But clouds that gather, dark and thunder-riven,
 Bid us regret that e'er we asked the ray,
 “ Wilt thou be true ? ”

“ Wilt thou be true ? ” oh ! ask it of my bosom,
 Let thy warm faith believe Affection's sigh ;
 And thou shalt find it shame the scented blossom,
 The sparkling ocean, and the smiling sky,
 For it *is* true.

REST.

Rest, sweet Rest, mellifluous Rest,
 The tree of Life's soft cushion's nest!—
 Word that falls on mortal grief
 As night-dew on the parching leaf ;—
 They who fain would have thee near,
 Let Wisdom whisper in their ear.

Grasp not with a greedy hand
 At useful gold or fertile land ;
 Seek “ enough,” but mind thy touch
 Shuns the cancer of “ too much.”
 Fortune's fruit is blissful fare,
 While we ask a modest share ;
 But when we have gathered in
 All we can, with selfish sin,
 We shall find some oozing gall
 From “ Discord's apple,” tainting all.
 Spread what serveth for our food,
 And the ripe store keepeth good ;
 But luscious pulp and bloomy scent,
 Unduly piled, will soon ferment.
 Few Hesperian boughs are caught
 Whose fruit is flavoured as we thought,

And wise Content must rule the breast
 Where Earth's riches bring us " Rest."

Love not as the thoughtless love !
 Affection is the emblem dove,
 Whose sacred wings are ever spread
 In glory o'er the Maker's head.
 Passion burns—but such wild light
 Marks not Truth's sure beacon height,
 Pride may vow and offer up
 The soul-pledge in a poisoned cup ;
 The lips may learn to lie with grace,
 And shrinking heart show eager face ;
 But Love, God's Love, that guides and cheers
 Through dazzling joys and blinding tears,
 The Love that will not sell itself
 For gaudy rank or shining pelf—
 This, this Love, only is the guest
 In angel form that bringeth " Rest."

Ye who murmur and repine
 While ye dwell 'mid " rose and vine ;"—
 Ye who cast a languid eye
 On a " velvet canopy ;"—
 Ye who find a downy heap
 Bring no sound unbroken sleep—
 Leave the chariot and chair,
 Cushioned seats and perfumed air !

Up ! go forth into the day,
 Climb the rugged mountain way ;
 Task your sinew—brace your limb,
 Dig, or dance, or leap, or swim,
 Let the sickle or the plough
 Raise the sweat-drop on your brow,
 For venom'd Luxury soon breaks
 The calm of Sloth with spawning snakes :
 Labour only is the blest
 And blessing price that buyeth " Rest."

Dwell not, as the many do,
 On Life's hemlock, thorns, and rue ;
 Pain and trouble may arise,
 As shade comes over summer skies.
Happiness is not the lot
 Of this chequered trial spot !
Duty formeth *here* our task,
 Else why would the Spirit ask
 A " Future " in its hopeful prayer,
 And dream of realms for ever fair ?
 Take the poppy with the wheat ;
 If bees have stings, their hive is sweet,
 And bells that give the churchyard knell
 Ring the wedding peal as well.
 Weigh the things that make us glad
 Against our moments lone and sad,

Nurse not all the ugly forms
 Conjured up from “ dust and worms ; ”
 The broadest stars of light may set,
 But the darkness must be met ;
 And if anguish vex thy soul,
Stem the rough waves as they roll !
Hope and courage shed repose
 Even while the tempest blows ;
 And bosoms that e'er make the best
 Of human ills, find most of “ Rest.”

Turn not with a doubting face
 From the kindly of thy race !
 We *may* meet the false and foul—
 Reptiles lurk, and wolves will prowl !
 Many a heart we may have seen
 Prove bitter, faithless, cold, and mean ;
 But Gon sendeth nobler things,
 And Nature’s harp has finer strings.
 There are beings frank and just,
 Worthy of all human trust ;
 There are souls that bear below
 The rarest blossoms that can grow
 In a soil where they recoil
 From warfare that must crush and spoil.
 There are beautiful high hearts,
 Free and stanch as barb that starts,

And, like that barb, will die and drop
 In Friendship's race before they stop.
 Be ye sure the world holds those
 Who claim our homage—even as *foes* ;
 But when we find such twining round
 Our spirits—fondly, closely bound,
 Then Friendship is no “ hollow jest,”
 But sheddeth balmy, hallowed “ Rest.”

Rest, sweet Rest, mellifluous Rest,
 The tree of Life's soft cushion's nest !
 Word whose dearest tones belong
 To the mother's cradle song ;
 Word whose echoes ever float
 'Mid strife winds the Æolian note ;
 Word that cannot be erased
 Where by Honesty 'tis traced
 On a Conscience firmly pure—
 The only tablet to endure.
 Thou'rt the word of promise still,
 Be “ worn and wearied ” as we will ;
 The word that's printed in the heaven
 When no chariot cloud is driven ;
 Written on the stirless deep,
 When the sea-flower falls to sleep,
 And spelt with daisies on the sod,
 When we lie down with Peace and God.

PARTING SONG.

Come, let us part with lightsome heart,
Nor breathe one chiding sigh,
To think that wings of rainbow plume
So soon should learn to fly.
We scarcely like the chimes to strike
That tell of Pleasure's flight,
But Friendship's chain, when severed thus,
Is sure to re-unite.
Then why not we as merry be,
Though this song be the last,
Believing other hours will come
As bright as those just past ?

The wild bird's song is loud and long,
But the sweetest and the best
Is whistled as he leaves the bough,
To seek his lonely nest.
The sun's rich beam shines through the day,
But flashes deeper still
While darting forth his farewell ray
Behind the western hill.

Then why not we as merry be,
In this our parting strain ?
For, like the bird and sun, we'll come
With joy and warmth again.

The moments fled, like violets dead,
Shall never lose their power ;
For grateful perfume ever marks
The Memory's withered flower.
The sailor's lay, in peaceful bay,
With gladsome mirth rings out ;
But when the heavy anchor's weighed,
He gives as blithe a shout.
Then why not we as merry be,
In this our parting strain,
And trust, as gallant sailors do,
To make the port again ?

CURLS AND COUPLETS.

There's a Curl that Beauty clusters,
 There's a Curl that Grace arrays,
 It mocketh all the lustres
 Of your laurels, palms, and bays.

The forehead where it lieth
 Rarely holds a deeper thought
 Than of where the blue moth fieth,
 And of how it may be caught.

The bright head where it beameth
 Rolls o'er the daisied earth,
 With a heart-filled laugh, that seemeth
 Like the trumpet call of Mirth.

It glitters fresh and purely,
 Like the sea-shell, fathoms low ;
 'Tis the only gem that surely
 Addeth halo to the brow.

Humming-birds when resting
 On the citron green ;
 Stars the night-cloud cresting,
 Ere the moon is seen;

Dew-drops in the dingle,
 Noon-lit harvest shocks,
 Foam upon the shingle,
 Ye are dimmed by childhood's locks.

Oh! Manhood's knightly feather,
 And Womanhood's rich pearl,
 Ye would not weigh together,
 Against Childhood's golden Curl.

There's a Curl of bitter sadness,
 That is found when Peace and Gladness
 Have departed ;
 When the World hath made the bosom,
 Like a canker-eaten blossom,
 Leper-hearted.

'Tis a Curl that seems to borrow
 All its strength from Hate and Sorrow,
 Pain and Scorn ;
 Leaving the lip it lifteth,
 Cold as the snow that drifteth
 On the thorn.

That dark Curl ever turneth,
 As the coiling adder yearneth
 To its prey ;
 Like that adder, ever shedding
 Fear round the footstep treading
 In its way.

Oh ! a fearful thing to gaze on,
 Is the scathing Curl that plays on
 Human lips ;
 Fierce as the lightning flashes,
 Sharp as the gore-soaked lashes
 Of men's whips.

There's a red Curl bursting in terrible form,
 By the mast that stood up in the longest storm ;
 Onward shooteth the ringlet flake ;
 Nor asketh nor heedeth the way it shall take ;
 And it turns, and it twines, while its forked tongue
 shines,
 With a thirst that the great deep cannot slake.
 Round and round is the wild tress wound,
 Till frightfully fast is the pine-tree bound ;

It hisses and sings where the life-boat swings,
 It roars and it rushes, it climbs and it clings
 From the hull to the spars, and blackens and chars
 With its waving grace and circling rings.
 It leapeth within the temples of earth,
 Like demon furies in revelling mirth ;
 It grasps the column with crushing might,
 It filleth the porch with purple light,
 It wrappeth itself in the silken fold ;
 It darteth about the woven gold ;
 It cracketh the dome-span of marble and oak,
 And rushes on high with its crest of smoke :
 It painteth the land with a ghastly dye,
 It flingeth a blood-stain over the sky.
 Oh ! a terrible thing in the still dark hour,
 Is the fire Curl wielding its ruthless power.

The salt wave Curls as it hurrieth fast,
 At the flood of the tide, in the face of the blast ;
 It rears and it rolls in bold bright scrolls,
 As the artist will of a God controls ;
 It beateth and bindeth the lighthouse top,
 It formeth a perch where the loud gulls drop.

Over the coral leaf, leaping and light,
 It dances in robes of bridal white ;
 As fair teeth show in a red-lipped smile,
 Over the wrecking breast of guile ;
 And the Water Curl spreadeth its fringe on the land,
 A banner of might in a mightier hand.

There's a glossy Curl that growtheth,
 In fullest, greenest length,
 When the summer sunbeam gloweth
 In straight unshadowed strength.
 Far in other climes it springeth,
 To our own dear walls it clingeth ;
 O'er the lowly porch-seat creeping,
 Through the window lattice peeping ;
 In uncultured beauty trailing,
 O'er the garden's old grey paling.
 Low it dangles, high it soars,
 Where all can pluck, and none can snatch,
 Hanging round white cottage doors,
 And trellising the latch.
 Up the chimney turret sprawling,
 O'er the farthest gable crawling,

Soft and lovingly it pryeth,
 Into every mossy patch,
 Where the honeysuckle lieth,
 With the houseleek on the thatch.
 Shadowing the road-side dwelling,
 Gracefully it twirls and twists,
 O'er the purple bunches swelling,
 Young Pomona's amethysts.
 Oh ! a sweet and sunny thing
 Is the Vine Curl, only coming
 When roses breathe and wild birds sing,
 And Nature tunes her own rich string
 Within the heart and sets it humming.

And there's another glossy Curl that wanders where it will,
 But rarely on the cottage porch, or round the cottage sill ;
 A darker tinge is on its leaf, it seeketh darker homes,
 And bravely stareth at the clouds when frowning Winter comes.
 The tottering heap within its grasp is closely held together,
 The proud tree stands within its thrall, like wild horse in a tether ;

It climbeth where the ruffled owl chimes with the midnight gust,
And hears them sing, in doleful wail, the song of “dust to dust.”

Where the Gothic pane has been,
There it stretches—there it tangles
With its drapery, between
Dropping arch and broken angles.
The granite pile is softly cracking,
The topmost ridge is grey and hoary,
And walls that stood the siege and sacking,
Stand like flitting ghosts of Glory.
The port-mouthed parapet is shattered,
The giant column fallen low,
The buttress—firm when cannon-battered—
Shakes now when merry wind-horns blow.
Bit by bit the ruin crumbles,
Bat and lizard there abiding,
And the callow raven tumbles,
From the loop-hole of his hiding ;
There Old Time is blithely sitting,
In the finest of his dresses,
And while his wrinkled brow is knitting,
He hides it with his Ivy tresses.
Base and battlement were strong,
But passing moments have been stronger,

Stone and stanchion lasted long,
 But the Ivy Curl lasts longer.
 No frost below, no storms above,
 The Ivy from its home can part,
 It leaneth like a woman's love,
 Towards a cold ungrateful heart.
 Green when armed with icy spear,
 Green when decked with dewy pearl,
 A pleasant pall to hide a bier,
 Is the glossy Ivy Curl.

It forms an honest epitaph,
 Where ashes of a nation spread ;
 Mark it who will, it needs no skill,
 'Tis plainly writ and plainly read.
 The stately robes—the blazoned crown—
 The scroll of right—the sword of ruth—
 The triumph shouts that strive to drown
 God's own deep whisper tones of truth.
 Oh ! who would struggle Life away,
 Amid these hollow things of clay ?
 Who would be panting in the race,
 That endeth in such lowly place ?
 The Past, the Past—we blend the name
 With fevered tales of glaring fame ;
 But seek the city of the dead,
 Where mighty millions once were met ;

Where Song inspired and Valour bled,
And Fortune's longest watch was set.
There shall the spirit fold its wings,
Chafed in Ambition's swooping whirl,
Smile at the nothingness of Kings,
And bless the peaceful Ivy Curl.

THE BONNIE GREEN BOUGH.

Sunshine, thou art beautiful
When thy beams are shed,
Like a blaze of glory rays,
Round a mortal head.

But we love thy smile the best
When it plays between
Each acorn-cup, and lighteth up
The old oak's robe of green.

Moonlight, thou art fair to view,
With all thy thousand charms,
But fairest when thou'rt creeping through
The tall elm's mazy arms.

Streamlets, ye are pleasant things,
 Whimpling as ye glide,
 But sweetest where the willow flings
 Its tresses in your tide.

Then sing, sing, like the bird in spring,
 While the fresh leaf shades our brow ;
 From the mountain pine to the desert palm,
 Here's a health to the bonnie green bough.

Music has no richer strings
 For minstrel hands to find,
 Than the bloomy branch that swings,
 Played on by the wind.

Gipsy rovers, 'neath the stars,
 Win the painter's love ;
 But who would show the tent below,
 Without the tree above ?

Old men, who the world have ranged,
 Think on schoolboy time,
 And only find one thing unchanged,
 The tree they used to climb.

In trees the hunted fox will hide,
 To mar the bloodhound's aim ;
 A hunted King has thrown aside
 His crown, and done the same.

Then sing, sing, like the bird in spring,
 While the fresh leaf shades our brow ;
 From the mountain pine to the desert palm,
 Here's a health to the bonnie green bough.

Oh ! when does Fame e'er trace our name,
 To so delight the soul,
 As when 'tis cut with rusted blade
 Upon the barken scroll ?

Never does the poet live
 In rarer worlds of light,
 Than the forest wilds can give
 To his dreamy sight.

When I pass away from earth,
 Dig a grave for me
 Where the daisy has its birth—
 'Neath the cypress tree.

Friends would soon forget the spot,
 And loathe the churchyard air ;
 But the tree would ever be
 A constant mourner there.

Then sing, sing, like the bird in spring,
 While the fresh leaf shades our brow ;
 From the mountain pine to the desert palm,
 Here's a health to the bonnie green bough.

"HE THAT IS WITHOUT SIN AMONG YOU, LET HIM FIRST CAST A STONE."—St. John, viii. 7.

Beautiful eloquence, thou speakest low,
 But the world's clashing cannot still thy tones ;
 Thou livest, as the stream with gentle flow
 Runs through the battle-field of strife and groans.
 Thine is the language of a simple creed,
 Whose saving might has no priest-guarded bound.
 If soundly learned, say would the martyr bleed,
 Or such dense shadows fall on "hallowed ground?"
 Oh, how we boast our knowledge of "the Right,"
 But blast the Christian grain with Conduct's blight !

'Tis well to ask our Maker to "forgive
 Our trespasses;" but 'tis as we may bear
 The trespasses of those who breathe and live
 Amid the same Temptation, Doubt, and Care.
 Oh ! ye who point so often to the herd,
 Whose dark and evil works are all uncloaked,

Is there no other than condemning word
 For minds untaught and spirits sorely yoked ?
 Are ye quite sure no hidden leper taint
 Blurs your own skin, if we look through the paint ?

Ye throw from ambush !—let Truth's noontide light
 Flash on the strength that nerves such eager aims,
 Bring pigmy greatness from its giant height,
 Where would be then the splendour of your names ?
 Ye harsh denouncers, 'tis an easy thing
 To wrap yourselves in Cunning's specious robes,
 And sharpen all the polished blades ye fling,
 As though ye held diploma for the probes :
 But if the charlatan and knave were dropped,
 Some spreading trees would be most closely lopped.

Ye, that so fiercely show your warring teeth
 At every other being on your way,
 Is your own sword so stainless in its sheath,
 That ye can justify the braggart fray ?
 The tricks of policy—the hold of place—
 The dulcet jargon of a courtly rote—
 The sleek and smiling mask upon the face—
 The eye that sparkles but to hide its mote ;
 Tell me, ye worms, could ye well bear the rub
 That tore these silken windings from the grub ?

Ye lips that gloat upon a brother's sin,

With moral mouthing in the whispered speech,
Methinks I've seen the poison-fang within,

Betray the viper rather than the leech.

I've marked the frailties of some gifted one,

Blazoned with prudent doubt and virtuous sigh,
But through the whining cant of saintly tone,

Heard Joy give Pity the exulting lie,
As if it were a pleasant thing to find
The racer stumbling, and the gaze-hound blind.

Too proud,—too ignorant,—too mighty Man,—

Why dost thou so forget the lesson taught?

Why not let Mercy cheer our human span?

Ye say ye serve Christ—heed him as ye ought:
He did not goad the weeping child of clay,

He heaped no coals upon the erring head,
Fixed no despair upon the sinner's way,

And dropped no gall upon the sinner's bread:
He heard Man's cry for Vengeance, but he flung
Man's Conscience at the yell, and hushed the tongue.

Great teaching from a greater teacher—fit

To breathe alike to Infancy and Age:
No garbled mystery o'ershadows it,
And noblest hearts have deepest read the page.

Carve it upon the mart and temple arch,
Let our fierce Judges read it as they go,
Make it the key-note of Life's pompous march,
And trampling steps will be more soft and slow,
For God's own voice says from the Eternal throne,
" Let him that is without sin cast the stone."

TIME'S CHANGES.

Time's changes—oh ! Time's changes,
We can bear to see them come,
And crumble down the cottage roof,
Or rend the palace dome.

We bear to see the flower we nursed,
And cherished in the spring,
Turn withering from Autumn's wind,
A dead and sapless thing.

The playground of our childish days
 May wear so strange a face,
 That not one olden lineament
 Is left for us to trace.

The beams that light life's morning up
 May set in misty shade,
 The stars of pleasure's fairy sky
 May glitter but to fade.

Time's changes—oh ! Time's changes—
 They may work whate'er they will,
 Turn all our sunshine into storm,
 And all our good to ill.

The cheek we like to look upon
 May lose its downy red,
 And only carry wrinkled lines,
 Where once fair dimples spread.

The form that's dearest to our arms
 May wane from easy grace,
 The raven tresses shine no more,
 And grey hairs take their place.

But we can lightly smile at all
Time's changes, till we find
Some well-known voice grow harshly cold,
That once was warmly kind.

Till hands and eyes that used to be
The first our own to greet,
Can calmly take a long farewell,
And just as calmly meet.

Till gentle words are passed away,
And promised faith forgot,
Teaching us sadly that we love
The one who loveth not.

Oh ! better, then, to die, and give
The grave its kindred dust,
Than live to see Time's bitter change
In hearts we love and trust.

TO CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN,
ON SEEING HER PLAY "BIANCA" IN MILMAN'S TRAGEDY OF
"FAZIO."

I thought thee wondrous when thy soul portrayed
 The youth Verona bragged of; and the love
 Of glowing southern blood, by thee was made
 Entrancing as the breath of orange grove.

I felt the spirit of the great was thine :
 In the rapt Boy's devotion and despair,
 I knew thou wert a pilgrim at the shrine
 Where God's high ministers alone repair.

No rote-learned sighing filled thy doting moans;
 Thy grief was heavy as thy joy was light ;
 Passion and Poesy were in thy tones,
 And MIND flashed forth in its electric might.

I had seen many "fret and strut their hour;"
 But my brain never had become such slave
 To Fiction, as it did beneath thy power,
 Nor owned such homage as to thee it gave.

I did not think thou couldst arouse a throb
Of deeper, stronger, beating in my heart ;
I did not deem thou couldst awake the sob
Of choking fulness and convulsive start.

But thy pale madness, and thy gasping woe,
That breathed the torture of Bianca's pain ;
Oh ! never would my bosom ask to know
Such sad and bitter sympathy again !

When the wife's anguish sears thy hopeless cheek,
Let crowds behold and laud thee as they will ;
But this poor breast, in shunning what *they* seek,
May yield perchance a richer tribute still.

LINES AMONG THE LEAVES.

Have ye heard the west wind singing,
 Where the summer trees are springing ?
 Have ye counted o'er the many tunes it knows ?
 For the wide-winged spirit rangeth,
 And its ballad metre changeth
 As it goes.

A plaintive wail it maketh,
 When the willow's tress it shaketh,
 Like new-born infant sighing in its sleep ;
 And the branches, low and slender,
 Bend to list the strain so tender,
 Till they weep.

Another tale 'tis telling,
 Where the clustered elm is swelling
 With dancing joy, that seems to laugh outright ;
 And the leaves, all bright and clapping,
 Sound like human fingers snapping
 With delight.

The fitful key-note shifteth
 Where the heavy oak uplifteth
 A diadem of acorns broad and high ;
 And it chants with muffled roaring,
 Like an eagle's wings in soaring
 To the sky.

Now the breeze is freshly wending,
 Where the gloomy yew is bending,
 To shade green graves and canopy the owl ;
 And it sends a mournful whistle,
 That remindeth of the missal
 And the cowl.

Another lay it giveth,
 Where the spiral poplar liveth,
 Above the cresses, lily, flag, and rush ;
 And it sings with hissing treble,
 Like the foam upon the pebble,
 In its gush.

A varied theme it utters,
 Where the glossy date-leaf flutters,
 A loud and lightsome chant it yieldeth there ;
 And the quiet, listening dreamer
 May believe that many a streamer
 Flaps the air.

It is sad and dreary hearing
 Where the giant pine is rearing
 A lonely head, like hearse-plume waved about ;
 And it lurketh melancholy,
 Where the thick and sombre holly
 Bristles out.

It murmurs soft and mellow
 'Mid the light laburnum's yellow,
 As lover's ditty chimed by rippling splash,
 And deeper is its tiding,
 As it hurries, swiftly gliding,
 Through the ash.

A roundelay of pleasure
 Does it keep in merry measure,
 While rustling in the rich leaves of the beech,
 As though a band of fairies
 Were engaged in Mab's vagaries,
 Out of reach.

Oh ! a bard of many breathings
 Is the Wind in sylvan wreathings,
 O'er mountain tops and through the woodland groves,
 Now fifing and now drumming—
 Now howling and now humming,
 As it roves.

Oh ! are not human bosoms
 Like these things of leaves and blossoms,
 Where hallowed whispers come to cheer and rouse ?
 Is there no mystic stirring
 In our hearts, like sweet wind whirring
 In the boughs ?

Though that wind a strange tone waketh
 In every home it maketh,
 And the maple tree responds not as the larch,
 Yet Harmony is playing
 Round all the green arms swaying
 'Neath Heaven's arch.

Oh ! what can be the teaching
 Of these forest voices preaching ?
 'Tis that a brother's creed, though not as mine,
 May blend about God's altar,
 And help to fill the psalter
 That's divine.

SUMMER DAYS.

Oh ! the summer days are sweet,
 And I long to have them coming !
 How my pulse will glow to meet
 Shadows in the arbour seat,
 And dance to hear the beetle thrumming !

Oh ! the summer days are gay,
 And I long to own the power
 Of the sun, in flood-tide ray,
 Embracing earth—as Jove, they say,
 Did his love—in golden shower.

Oh ! the summer days are fair,
 And I long to see the thicket,
 When the grasshoppers are there,
 And roses flush out everywhere,
 By castle wall and cottage wicket.

Oh ! the summer days are bright,
 And I long to mark their glory,
 When the lark talks to the light,
 Till the gleesome bird of night
 Goes on with the fairy story.

Summer days will soon be near,
 And I long to have them nearer ;
 For, with sunshine rich and clear,
 And fruit and flowers, and all things dear,
 They will bring *me* something dearer.

They will bring one to my side,
 Whose loved word ever makes me fonder
 Of bloomy sod and azure tide—
 Of all God's beauties, far and wide,
 And cheers the path where'er we wander.

They will bring to me again
 One whose spirit, warmly beaming,
 Gilds my joy, dissolves my pain,
 And charges my dull earth-wrought chain,
 With Friendship's rare electric dreaming.

They will bring to me a heart
 That can bear my faults and failings,
 Nobly weigh my better part,
 Nor find its true devotion start
 From mortal flaws with selfish quailings.

Summer days are rife with hope,
 Of all that fills my soul with pleasure ;
 The star that crowns my horoscope,
 Will lead o'er many a balmy slope,
 And Time will move to faster measure.

Oh ! the summer days will find
One beside me that I cherish ;
One whose faith, so fondly kind,
Flings a rainbow o'er my mind
In colours far too deep to perish.

Summer days ! how fair to me
Comes your snow-drop herald, peeping
With an eye that seems to be
Just opening its lids, to see
The drowsy world arise from sleeping.

Summer days will soon be near,
And I long to have them nearer ;
For, with sunshine rich and clear,
And fruits and flowers, and all things dear,
They will bring *me* something dearer.

TO ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

France, in her future annals, shall set down
 Thy blazoned work on Freedom's battle-field,
 And show how men can step and crush a Crown,
 When puppet Kings ask more than men should yield.

Her almost bloodless victory shall be
 A sacred lesson to earth's latest hour ;
 And all who would be greatly, bravely free,
 Must give her noble watchword, " Peace is Power."

Thou, Lamartine ! her gentle Poet One,
 With heart all mercy, and with speech all truth,
 Whose lays we love to hear at set of sun,
 Breathed by some happy maid, or dreaming youth ;—

Thou hast arisen in Confusion's roar,
 'Mid chafing people and a burning throne,
 Stopping the reeking tide of Slaughter's gore,
 Lulling to sleep the cannon's thunder tone ;—

Thou hast stood forth with firm, unfearing breast,
 While Discord's steel was flashing round thy brow,
 Proving that minstrel eloquence can wrest
 The poisoned arrow from the bended bow.

God keep the form of Liberty arrayed
 In her bright garments of primeval white ;
 Each blood-dyed stain of purple that is made,
 Sullies the high divinity of " Right."

But come what may, of evil or of wrong,
 Ere the dark, teeming clouds of Doubt depart—
 Thou, Lamartine, as great in deeds as Song,
 Hast wisely, promptly, done thy mighty part.

Let France be proud in claiming such a son,
 Kings, empires, dynasties, all fall and rot ;
 But spirits such as thine, thou Poet One,
 Hold the unmeasured life that dieth not !

LOVE.

Love, beautiful and boundless Love—oh ! who shall
hymn thy praise ?

Who shall exalt thy hallowed name with fitting anthem
lays ?

When shall thy workings all be seen—thy power all
revealed ?

Oh ! who shall count thy fairy steps upon Earth's rug-
ged field ?

There are few things of gloom that meet our Sorrow or
our Hate,

Where Love and Beauty have not once been portion of
their state ;

Few things are seen in charmless guise that shutteth out
all trace

Of God's infinitude of Joy, of Purity, and Grace.

There's not a palsied ruin bows its patriarchal head,
Which has not rung with Triumph shouts while Revel
banquets spread ;

There's not a desolated hearth but where the cheerful pile
Of blazing logs has sparkled, and the cricket sung the
while.

The broken mandolin that lies in silent, slow decay,
Has quickened many a gentle pulse that heard its
measures play ;

The stagnant pool that taints and kills the mallow and
the rush,

Has filtered through the silver clouds and cooled the
rainbow's flush.

There's not a dark, dull coffin-board but what has stood
to bear

A swarm of summer warblers in the mellow greenwood
air ;

There's not a thread of cere-cloth but has held its
blossom bells,

And swung the morning pearls about within the fragrant
wells.

Love lurketh round us everywhere—it fills the great
design,

It gives the soul its chosen mate—it loads the autumn
vine ;

It dyes the orchard branches red—it folds the worm in
silk,

It rears the daisy where we tread, and bringeth corn
and milk.

Love stirreth in our beings all unbidden and unknown,
With aspirations leaping up, like fountains from the
stone ;

It prompts the great and noble deeds that nations hail
with pride,

It moveth when we grieve to miss an old dog from our
side.

It bids us plant the sapling to be green when we are
grey,

It pointeth to the Future, and yet blesses while we
stay ;

It opens the Almighty page where—though 'tis held
afar,

We read enough to lure us on still higher than we are.

The child at play upon the sward, who runs to snatch a
flower,

With earnest passion in his glee that glorifies the hour—
The doting student—pale and meek—who looks into the
night,

Dreaming of all that helps the soul to gauge Eternal
might ;—

The rude, bold savage, pouring forth his homage to the
sun,

Asking for other “hunting-fields” when life’s long
chase is run—

The poet boy who sitteth down upon the upland grass,
 Whose eagle thoughts are nestled by the Zephyr wings
 that pass ;—

The weak old man that creepeth out once more before
 he dies,

With longing wish to see and feel the sunlight in his
 eyes—

Oh ! these are the unerring types that Nature setteth
 up,

To tell that an Elixir drop yet sanctifies our cup.

Love, beautiful and boundless Love, thou dwellest here
 below,

Teaching the human lip to smile—the violet to blow ;
 Thine is the breath ethereal that yet exhales and burns
 In sinful breasts, as incense steals from dim unsightly
 urns.

Thou art the holy record seal that Time can ne'er annul,
 The dove amid the vulture tribe—the lamp within the
 skull—

Thou art the one bright Spirit Thing that is not bought
 and sold,

The cherub elfe that laugheth in the giant face of
 Gold.

Love—exquisite, undying Love—runs through Creation's span,
Gushing from countless springs to fill the ocean heart of Man ;
And there it broadly rolleth on in deep unfathomed flood,
Swelling with the Immortal Hope that craveth more of “ Good.”

It is the rich magnetic spark yet shining in the dust,
The fair salvation ray of Faith that wins our joyful trust,
The watchword of the Infinite, left here to lead above,
That's ever seen and ever heard, and tells us “ God is Love.”

WE'LL SING ANOTHER CHRISTMAS SONG.

We'll sing another Christmas song, for who shall ever tire,
To hear the olden ballad theme around a Christmas fire ?
We'll sing another Christmas song, and pass the wassail cup,
For fountains that refresh the heart should never be dried up.
Ne'er tell us that each Yule tide brings more silver to our hair;
Time seldom scatters half the snow that quickly gathers there.
The goading of Ambition's thorns—the toiling heed of gold—
'Tis these do more than rolling years in making us grow old :
Then shake Old Christmas by the hand—in kindness let him dwell,
For he's king of right good company, and we should treat him well.

Why should we let pale Discontent fling canker on the hours—

Unjust regrets lurk round the soul like snakes in leafy bowers ;

And though the flood of Plenty's tide upon our lot may pour,

How oft the lip will murmur still the horse-leech cry for "more."

We sigh for wealth—we pant for place—and, getting what we crave,

We often find it only coils fresh chains about the slave.

Year after year may gently help to turn the dark locks white,

But Time ne'er fades a flower so soon as cold and worldly blight :

Then shake Old Christmas by the hand—in kindness let him dwell,

For he's king of right good company, and we should treat him well.

Be glad—be glad—stir up the blaze, and let our spirits yield

The incense that is grateful as the "lilies of the field ;"

"Good will to all"—'tis sweet and rich, and helps to keep away

The wrinkled pest of frowning brows—and mildew shades of grey.

Be glad—be glad—and though we have some cypress
in our wreath,

Forget not there are rosebuds too, that ever peep
beneath.

And though long years may line the cheek, and wither
up the heart,

It is not Time, but selfish Care, that does the saddest
part.

Then shake Old Christmas by the hand—in kindness
let him dwell,

For he's king of right good company, and we should
treat him well.

THE HAPPIEST TIME.

An Old Man sat in his chimney seat,
 As the morning sunbeam crept to his feet ;
 And he watched the Spring light as it came
 With wider ray on his window frame.
 He looked right on to the eastern sky,
 But his breath grew long in a trembling sigh,
 And those who heard it wondered much
 What spirit hand made him feel its touch.

For the Old Man was not one of the fair
 And sensitive plants in earth's parterre ;
 His heart was among the scentless things
 That rarely are fanned by the honey-bee's wings ;
 It bore no film of delicate pride,
 No ~~dew~~ of Emotion gathered inside ;
 Oh ! that Old Man's heart was of hardy kind,
 That seemeth to ~~heed~~ not the sun or the wind.

He had lived in the world, as millions live,
 Ever more ready to take than give,
 He had worked and wedded, and murmured and blamed,
 And just paid to the fraction what Honesty claimed ;

He had driven his bargains and counted his gold,
 Till upwards of threescore years were told ;
 And his keen blue eye held nothing to show
 That Feeling had ever been busy below.

The Old Man sighed again, and hid
 His keen blue eye beneath its lid ;
 And his wrinkled forehead, bending down,
 Was knitting itself in a painful frown.
 “ I’ve been looking back,” the Old Man said,
 “ On every spot where my path has laid,
 Over every year my brain can trace,
 To find the happiest time and place.”

“ And where and when,” cried one by his side,
 “ Have you found the brightest wave in your tide ?
 Come tell me freely, and let me learn,
 How the spark was struck that yet can burn.
 Was it when you stood in stalwart strength
 With the blood of youth, and felt that at length
 Your stout right arm could win its bread ? ”
 The Old Man quietly shook his head.

“ Then it must have been when Love had come,
 With a faithful bride to glad your home ;
 Or when the first-born cooed and smiled,
 And your bosom cradled its own sweet child ;

Or was it when that first-born joy
 Grew up to your hope—a brave strong boy—
 And promised to fill the world in your stead ? ”
 The Old Man quietly shook his head.

“ Say, was it then when Fortune brought
 The round sum you had frugally sought ?
 Was the year the happiest that beheld
 The vision of Poverty all dispelled ?
 Or was it when you still had more,
 And found you could boast a goodly store,
 With Labour finished and Plenty spread ? ”
 The Old Man quietly shook his head.

“ Ah, no ! ah, no ! it was longer ago,”
 The Old Man muttered—sadly and low;
 “ It was when I took my lonely way
 To the lonely woods in the month of May.
 When the Spring light fell as it falleth now,
 With the bloom on the sod and the leaf on the bough ;
 When I tossed up my cap at the nest in the tree,
 Oh ! that was the happiest time for me.

“ When I used to leap, and laugh, and shout,
 Though I never knew what my joy was about ;
 And something seemed to warm my breast,
 As I sat on a mossy bank to rest.

That was the time—when I used to roll
 On the blue-bells that covered the upland knoll,
 And I never could tell why the thought should be,
 But I fancied the flowers talked to me.

“ Well I remember climbing to reach
 A squirrel brood rocked on the top of a beech ;
 Well I remember the lilies so sweet
 That I toiled with back to the city street ;
 Yes, *that* was the time—the happiest time—
 When I went to the woods in their May-day prime.”
 And the Old Man breathed with a longer sigh,
 And the lid fell closer over his eye.

Oh ! who would have thought this hard Old Man
 Had room in his heart for such rainbow span ?
 Who would have deemed that wild copse flowers
 Were tenderly haunting his latest hours ?
 But what did the Old Man’s spirit tell,
 In confessing it loved the woods so well ?
 What do we learn from the Old Man’s sigh,
 But that *Nature and Poetry cannot die !*

A SONG

TO "THE PEOPLE" OF ENGLAND.

Onward! "Liberty and Reason!"

This is now broad Europe's shout;
England, it were moral treason,
Were thy lion voice left out.

Britons! keep your banner waving,

Hang it forth in Freedom's sun;
But beware the braggart raving
That would talk of sword and gun!

Trust not to the brawling leaders,

Lighting ye with Fury's brand!
'Tis brain-feeders, not blood-breeders,
That shall purify the land!

Heed not those whose noisy yelling

Fain would waken Tumult's din;
Let a nobler voice be swelling,
In the battle ye must win!

Show that ye have sense and feeling,

Fit to gain and guard your place ;
Let your own determined dealing
Meet oppression face to face !

Not with weapons red and reeking,
Not with Anarchy's wild flame ;
But with loud and open speaking,
In "the People's" mighty name !

Wisely think, and boldly utter
What ye think, in Wisdom's speech ;
But ye must not even mutter
Words that only madmen teach !

Ye shall soon have wider Charters !
England hears the startling cry
Of her poor and honest martyrs,
And her "glory" *must* reply.

Ask for all that should be granted !
Show the fester of neglect ;
If "a People's" love is wanted,
"People's Rights" *must* have respect !

Let the great ones, high in station,
 Lift their eyes, and see at length
 Ye are pillars in the nation,
 That alone insure its strength !

Tell your rulers they must levy
 Fairer weights on wearied backs !
 Say the coffers that are heavy
 Best can yield the heavy tax !

Tell the Church, its first great Pastor
 Had no gathered wealth to count ;
 Little had the Christian Master
 For his " Sermon on the Mount ! "

Say the Prelates—crammed unduly—
 Should divide their bloated spoil
 With the humbler Priests, who truly
 Serve mankind with ill-paid toil !

Tell the paupers clad in ermine,
 That your children are unfed ;
 And ye will not have State vermin
 Gnawing into Labour's bread !

Tell aloud your hearts are loyal ;
 Let "God save the Queen" be sung :
 Yet the idle and the Royal
 Must not suck with "horseleech" tongue !

Show that ye have bravely risen,
 That ye are not "brutes" and "fools;"
 Say that ye will shun the "prison,"
 When they give ye "work" and "schools!"

Tell your wise and great Law Makers
 (Moral o'er their meat and wine),
 That they might become Law Breakers,
 Left, like ye, to pinch and pine !

Think they, with short-sighted meanness,
 Ye are weaker 'neath their will,
 With your flesh in wolfish leanness,
 And your minds less nourished still ?

Let "the People" have THEIR "College!"
 Untaught men are fearful things,
 Only crucibles of Knowledge
 Serve to melt Crime's fetter rings !

Sons of England, be ye steady !
'Tis your heads, and not your hands,
That shall prove ye fit and ready
To enlist in Freedom's bands !

Trust not to your brawling leaders !
Scorn to spring with tiger claws ;
'Tis truth-heeders—not steel-speeders—
That shall triumph in your cause.

League in firm, unflinching quiet ;
Use your presses, print and read !
If you ope the gate of Riot,
Wives and little ones must bleed !

Onward ! “ Liberty and Reason ! ”
Let this be the chorus cry ;
And not a heart will dream of treason,
• If wise Senate lips reply !

THE CHARCOAL AND THE DIAMOND.

Charcoal and diamond are precisely the same in chemical atoms ; some secret process of crystallization alone constitutes the difference between them, and when subjected to powerful and concentrated heat, the gem is reduced to mere carbon.—*Philosophical Notes.*

The green-wood paths were thick and long,

 The sunny noontide shed its glow ;

The lark was lazy in its song,

 The brook was languid in its flow ;

And so I sat me down to rest,

 Where grass and trees were densely green,

And found dear Nature's honest breast

 The same that it had ever been.

It nurtured, as it did of old,

 With Love and Hope and Faith and Prayer ;

And if the truth must needs be told,

 I've had my best of nursing there.

I sat me down—I pulled a flower,—

 I caught a moth—then let it fly ;

And thus a very happy hour,

 Perchance it might be two, went by.

A fragment from a fuel stack,
 Brushed by a hasty Zephyr's wing,
 Fell, in its joyless garb of black,
 Beside my one dear jewelled ring.

I snatched no more the censor bell ;
 I held no dappled moth again ;
 I felt the dreamer's dreamy spell,
 And thus it bound my busy brain.

* * * *

There lies the charcoal, dull and dark,
 With noxious breath and staining touch ;
 Here shines the gem whose flashing spark
 The world can never praise too much.

How worthless that—how precious this,
 How meanly poor—how nobly rich ;
 Dust that a peasant would not miss,
 Crystal that claims a golden niche.

There lies the charcoal, dim and low—
 Here gleams the diamond, high in fame ;
 While well the sons of Science know
 Their atom grains are both the same.

Strange Alchemy of secret skill !
 What varied workings from one cause !
 How great the Power and the Will
 That prompts such ends and guides such laws.

Do we not trace in human form
 The same eccentric, wondrous mould ?
 The lustre spirit purely warm,
 The beamless being, darkly cold ?

Do we not find the heart that keeps
 A true immortal fire within ?
 Do we not see the mind that leaps
 O'er all the pitfalls dug by Sin ?

Do we not meet the wise, the kind,
 The good, the excellent of earth,
 The rare ones that appear designed
 To warrant Man's first Eden birth ?

Oh ! many a fair and priceless gem
 Is fashioned by the hidden hand,
 To stud Creation's diadem,
 And fling God's light upon the land.

And do we not look round and see
 The sordid, soulless things of clay,
 Sterile and stark as heart can be,
 Without one scintillating ray ?

Bosoms that never yield a sigh,
 Save when some anguish falls on self—
 Hand that but seeks to sell and buy,
 Grown thin and hard in counting pelf?

Brains, pent in such a narrow space
 That spirit has no room to stir ;
 Wills, that where'er may be their place,
 Seem only fit to act and err ?

We boast the demi-god sublime,
 We spurn the wretch of baneful mood—
 One linked divinely with “ all time,”
 The other, stamped with “ reign of blood.”

Strange Alchemy of secret skill !
 That thus sends forth in mortal frame,
 The gem of Good—the dross of Ill—
 Yet both in elements the same.

An angel's glory lights this eye,
 A demon's poison fills that breath ;
 Yet, undistinguished they shall lie,
 Passed through the crucible of Death.

What is the inspiration held ?
 Where is the essence that refines ?
 How is the carbon gloom dispelled ?
 Whence is the jewel light that shines ?

* * * * *

The dream was o'er—I started up,
 I saw a spreading oak above ;
 I tried to snatch an acorn cup—
 I strove to mock a cooing dove.

I had been weaving idle thought
 In cobwebs, o'er my foolish brain,
 And so I snapt the warp, and sought
 The common thread of life again.

But still methinks this wonder theme
 Of Mind debased and Soul divine—
 This Diamond and Charcoal dream,
 Might haunt a wiser head than mine.

TO WINTER.

Oh, Winter, old Winter ! for many a year
You and I have been friends, but I sadly fear
That your blustering nights and stormy days
Will have no more of my love or my praise.

There was a time when I used to look
You full in the face on the frost-bound brook ;
When I laughed to see you lock up the ale,
And fetter the mop to the housemaid's pail.

It was fun to see you redden a nose,
Benumb little fingers, and pinch great toes ;
To hear you swear in a nor'-west blast,
As your glittering sledge-car rattled past.

I've greeted you, come what there might in your train,
The hurricane wind or the deluging rain ;
I've even been kind to your sleet and your fog,
When folks said " t'was n't weather to turn out a dog."

I've welcomed you ever, and tuned each string
 To thank and applaud you for all you bring ;
 I've raced on your slides with joyous folly,
 And pricked my fingers in pulling your holly.

But you treat me so very unfairly now,
 That, indeed, old fellow, we must have "a row,"
 Though your tyrannous conduct 's so fiercely uncouth,
 That I hardly dare venture "to open my mouth."

I tremble to hear you come whistling along,
 For my breathing gets weak as yours grows strong ;
 And I crouch, like my hound, in the fire's warm blaze,
 And eagerly long for the solstice rays.

You may spit your snow, but you need not make
 My cheek as white as the icicle flake ;
 You may darken the sky, but I cannot tell why
 You should spitefully seek to bedim my eye.

You sent old Christmas parading the land,
 With his wassail cup and minstrel band ;
 But you griped me hard when the sports began,
 Crying, " Drink if you dare, and dance if you can."

It is true I had proffers of meat and of wine,
 Which, with honest politeness I begged to decline ;
 For with drams antimonal I cannot agree,
 And I quarrel with beef when 'tis made into tea.

Others may go to the revel and rout,
 They may feast within and ramble without ;
 But I must be tied to the chimney side,
 Lest Death, on his white horse, ask me to ride.

The wise ones say I must keep you away,
 If I wish not to see my brown locks turn grey ;
 That your motive is base, for you're lying in wait
 To carry me off through the churchyard gate.

Oh, Winter ! old Winter ! such usage is sad,
 You're a brute and a traitor, and every thing bad ;
 But, like many dear friends, you are stinging the breast
 That has trusted you most and has loved you the best.

THE BOATMEN OF THE DOWNS.

(For Music.)

There's fury in the tempest, and there's madness in the waves,
The lightning snake coils round the foam, the headlong thunder raves ;
Yet a boat is on the waters, filled with Britain's daring sons,
Who pull like lions out to sea, and count the minute guns.
'Tis mercy calls them to the work—a ship is in distress !
Away they speed with timely help that many a heart shall bless :
And braver deeds than ever turned the fate of kings and crowns
Are done for England's glory by her Boatmen of the Downs !

We thank the friend who gives us aid upon the quiet land,
We love him for his kindly word, and prize his helping hand ;

But louder praise shall dwell around the gallant ones
who go,

In face of death, to seek and save the stranger or the
foe.

A boat is on the waters—when the very sea-birds hide :
'Tis noble blood must fill the pulse that's calm in such
a tide!

And England, rich in record of her princes, kings, and
crowns,

May tell still prouder stories of her Boatmen of the
Downs.

" COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.'

A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

Old Christmas is weaving his holly again,

And begemming his garments with ice-spangled pride;
While the wind, with its snow spear, is piercing the
plain,

And the shrewmouse lies dead by the sheltered
hedge-side.

"Tis the time when the hand that has Plenty should fling
 What it has to bestow on the Want-stricken near,
 And no holier carol of joy can we sing
 Than " Come under my Plaidie," in Poverty's ear.

Oh ! let us look out on the pinched and the poor,
 And ne'er question too closely their claim on our
 breast ;
 They have blood-veins to curdle and pangs to endure,
 And Starvation is active in warping the best.

" Come under my Plaidie " is Charity's song,
 And the theme of God's melody breathes in the
 tune ;
 When we find how it cheers as we wander along.
 Can we hum it too often, or learn it too soon ?

The great ones that meet but Prosperity's face—
 Oh, too often their bosoms grow callous the while ;
 As in boldest and highest of mountains we trace
 "Tis the hardest of strata that formeth the pile.

How soon does the exquisite blossom-bell fade,
 If the hot beams unceasingly fall on its cup ;
 But the draught of sweet water it drinks in the shade
 Feeds the beauty we prize when we see it look up.

And so should Humanity's shadows impart
 The rich moisture that fits for the sunshine of
 Power ;
 For the dew of Benevolence freshens the heart,
 As Night's pure distillation enlivens the flower.

Though we have but good-will and kind wishes to
 spare,
 Let us give them like Him who brought peace upon
 earth ;
 We must all have a bit of *some* "plaidie" to spare,
 And dividing the garment increases its worth.

If we read, as we ought, the wide Truth-bearing scroll
 That fair Mercy eternally hangs in our sight,
 We shall see there are duties of love which the soul
 Is too apt to forget in its self-serving might.

Affection may link to the kindred around,
 The fond spirit may turn toward many a friend ;
 But warm feelings, like water-rings, own not a bound,
 And the fullest and strongest the furthest extend.

Let us help where we may—let us give what we can—
 To stop Misery's flaw where gaunt Famine crawls
 through ;
 'Tis Compassion's soft wings make the angel of man ;
 And there's something that most of us surely can do.

“ Come under my Plaidie ”—let rich ones be heard
In the chorus that cannot too loudly be trolled :
And when yule feasts are smoking, and yule logs are
stirred,
Think of boards that are breadless and hearths that
are cold.

“ Come under my Plaidie ”— oh fear not to pour
The most feeble of whispers to swell the blest tone,
For though small be the seed we may cast from our
store,
It will bear the right grain when God garners his
own.

'TIS A WILD NIGHT AT SEA.

The clouds arose in a giant shape,
And the wind with a piercing gust—
Dark as a murderer's mask of crape,
And sharp as a poniard thrust.

Thicker and wider the gloom stretched out
With a flush of angry red ;
Till the hissing lightning blazed about,
And the forest bent its head.

A maiden looked from a lattice pane
Toward where the ocean lay ;
And her gaze was fixed with earnest strain
On the beacon, leagues away.

She knew that he who had won her soul
Was getting close to land ;
And she clutched at every thunder roll
With a hard convulsive hand. .

He had promised he would sail no more
 To far and fearful climes ;
 He had talked of a cottage on the shore,
 And the sound of wedding chimes.

'They had loved each other many a year,
 They had grown up side by side ;
 She had reckoned the days—his ship must be near—
 He was coming to claim his bride.

An old crone passed the lattice pane,—
 “ God help us all ! ” quoth she ;
 “ ‘Tis bad on the mountain, but worse on the main,—
 ‘Tis a wild night at sea ! ”

The maiden heard, but never stirred
 Her gaze from the beacon lamp ;
 Her heart alone felt a sepulchre stone
 Roll up to it, heavy and damp.

A grey-haired mariner looked around,—
 “ Here’s a wind,” cried he :
 “ May Gon preserve the homeward bound ;
 ‘Tis a wild night at sea ! ”

The maiden heard, yet never stirred
 Her eyes from the distant part ;
 But shadow was thrown upon the stone,
 And the stone was *over* her heart.

The Lightning blades fenced fierce and long,
 The Blast wings madly flew ;
 But morning came with the skylark's song
 And an arch of spotless blue.

Morning came with a tale too true,
 As sad as tale could be ;
 "A Homeward bound" went down with her crew,--
 " 'Twas a wild night at sea ! "

The maiden heard, yet never stirred,
 Nor eye, nor lip, nor brow ;
 But moss had grown on the sepulchre stone,
 And it covered a skeleton now.

Summer and Winter came and went
 With their frosty and flowery time ;
 Autumn branches lusciously bent,
 And Spring-buds had their prime.

The maiden still is in her home,
 But not a word breathes she,
 Save those that sealed her spirit doom,
 “ ‘Tis a wild night at sea ! ”

The hedge-row thorn is out again,
 And her cheek is as pale as the bloom ;
 She bears a wound whose bleeding pain
 Can only be stanched by the tomb.

Children show her the violet bed
 And where young doves will be ;
 But they hear her say, as she boweth her head,
 “ ‘Tis a wild night at sea ! ”

She may be seen at the lattice pane
 When the climbing moon is bright ;
 With the gaze distraught of a dreaming brain
 Toward the beacon height.

There's not a cloud a star to shroud,
 The song-birds haunt the tree ;
 But she faintly sighs, as the dew-drops rise,
 “ ‘Tis a wild night at sea ! ”

Golden beams of a sunny June
 The world with light are filling ;
 Till the roses fall asleep at noon
 O'er the draught of their own distilling.

The maiden walks where aspen stalks
 Only move with the moth and bee ;
 But she sigheth still with shivering chill,
 " 'Tis a wild night at sea ! "

Her beautiful Youth has withered away,
 Sorrow has eaten the core ;
 But, weak and wan, she lingereth on
 Till the thorn is white once more.

There are bridal robes at the old church porch,
 And orange-bloom so fair ;
 The merry bells say, 'tis a wedding day,
 And the priest has blessed the pair.

The maiden is under the churchyard yew,
 Watching with hollow eye ;
 Till the merry bells race with faster pace,
 And the bridal robes go by.

She dances out to the ding-dong tune,
 She laughs with raving glee ;
 And Death endeth the dream in her requiem scream,
 " "Tis a wild night at sea ! "

THE CHILD'S OFFERING.

" The child Samuel ministered unto the Lord."

1 Samuel, iii. 1.

A fair young child went wandering out,
 One glorious day in June ;
 Flirting with bees that were humming about,
 Kissing red buds with a rival pout,
 And mocking the cuckoo's tune.

For a moment his tiny hand was lost
 'Mid rushes that fringed the stream ;
 Then it came forth, and white lilies were tossed
 After the golden perch, that crossed
 In the flash of the noontide beam.

He loitered along in the dusky shade,
 Where spicy cones were spread !
 He gathered them up, till a pet lamb strayed
 To nibble the sward, then down he laid,
 Hugging its innocent head.

A pair of glittering wings went by,
 And the Child flew after the moth,
 Till a fluttering nestling caught his eye,
 And he chased the bird, but he gave no sigh
 When he saw he had lost them both.

He found himself in a dazzling place,
 Where Flora had been crowned ;
 Where perfume, colour, light, and grace,
 Pure as the flush on his own young face,
 Were flung over bower and mound.

He stood like an elf in fairy lands,
 With a wide and wistful stare ;
 As a maiden over her casket stands,
 'Mid heaps of jewels beneath her hands,
 Uncertain which to wear.

He went through the burnished rainbow maze,
 For some trophy to carry away ;
 To the tulip bed, and acacia sprays,
 To the luscious breath and the scarlet blaze,
 Not knowing where to stay.

At last the Child was seen to pass
 With one sweet opening Rose,
 And a blade of the white-streaked ribbon-Grass :—
 The beautiful things, in the gorgeous mass,
 That his untaught spirit chose.

He rambled on through another gay hour,
 With a young heart's revelling mirth ;
 But he still preserved the Grass and the Flower,
 As though they formed the richest dower
 That he could inherit from Earth.

Over the green hill he slowly crept,
 Guarding the rose from ill ;
 He lolled on the bank of a meadow and slept,
 Then he hunted a squirrel, but jealously kept
 The rose and the ribbon-leaf still.

He strolled to the sea-beach, bleak and bare,
 And climbed to a jutting spot ;
 And the Child was wooing his idols there,
 Nursing the Flower and Grass with care,
 All else in the world forgot.

A dense, dark cloud rolled over the sky,
 Like a vast triumphal car !
 The Child looked up as it thickened on high,
 And watched its thundering storm-wheels fly
 Through the blue arch, fast and far.

He knelt with the trophies he held so dear,
 And his beaming head was bowed ;
 As he murmured with mingled trust and fear,
 “ I’ll twine them together, and leave them here,
 For the God who made that cloud.”

Worshipping Child, thou wert doing then
 What all below should do ;
 We hear it taught by the Prophet men,
 We see it traced by the Prophet pen,
 By the Holy, the Wise, the True.

We must lay down the flowers we bear,
Held close in doting pride !
We must be ready to willingly spare,
On Life's altar-rock, the things most fair—
And loved beyond all beside.

Worshipping Child, may the tempest hour
Find me with my spirit as bowed !
As thou didst give the Grass and the Flower,
May I yield what I love best to the Power
Of **HIM** that makes the cloud.

WILT THOU BE MINE?

(For Music.)

“ Wilt thou be mine ? ” Oh, words of gentle breathing,
 Ye come like music that we hear in dreams,
 When Love that seeks, is blest by Love’s bequeathing,
 And Hope shines out, the warmest of life’s beams.
 “ Wilt thou be mine ? ” Oh, words of magic sighing,
 Whose echo is the last to pass away,
 The bond ye seal will haunt us in our dying,
 Still loath to leave the one who heard us say,
 “ Wilt thou be mine ? ”

“ Wilt thou be mine ? ” Oh, let it not be spoken
 As though the boon were only some light thing,
 A flower that we may drop, all crushed and broken—
 A bird that we may cage with drooping wing.
 “ Wilt thou be mine ? ” Oh, words of holy meaning,
 When breathed with truth that sees the hair turn
 grey,
 And yet can feel that heart on heart is leaning
 As fondly as when first they yearned to say,
 “ Wilt thou be mine ? ”

IMPROPTU.

TO CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN,

With a bunch of Wild Flowers, gathered on Shakespear's Cliff,
Dover.

Where is the one so fit to claim
The wildlings nourished on the sod
That rises, great with Shakespear's name,
An altar dear to man and God ?

To whom around me could I give
The tiny blossoms offered now,
Save her who helps that name to live,
And twines fresh laurels for his brow ?

STANZAS,

IN THE ORPHAN'S CAUSE.

Written in aid of the Bazaar held at the "Orphan Working School," Haverstock Hill.

Pomp and Pageant may be round,
 Star and feather nigh,
 Wreaths and banners may be found
 Challenging mine eye.
 Brows may wear the princely gem
 By ingot bought and sold,
 But never have I breathed o'er them,
 "Oh ! would that I had gold ! "

I have stood beneath the dome
 Spanning halls of pride !
 I have dwelt within the home
 Where Art with Plenty vied ;
 I have seen all Fortune brings,
 That men so fondly hold,
 Yet never sighed above such things,
 "Oh ! would that I had gold ! "

But when Charity has shown
 The helpless and the poor,
 Telling woes too oft unknown,
 That kindred forms endure ;
 Then I inly crave the store
 Of those with " wealth untold,"
 Then do I dare to ask for more,
 And wish that I had gold.

Orphans ! your sad claims must prove
 With me the first on earth,
 For I have had a mother's love,
 And know its holy worth.
 'Tis first in clinging close and warm,
 'Tis last to loose its hold ;
 The circlet of a mother's arm
 Is formed of God's own gold !

Orphans ! your sad claims must wring
 The mite from hardest hand ;
 Where friendless childhood finds no spring,
 The breast is desert land.
 Poets' mantles rarely fall
 In rich and shining fold,
 But Song may strengthen Pity's call,
 And be as blest as gold.

Orphans ! take my spirit prayer,
 'Tis all *I* have to give,
And simple words perchance may bear
 Deed-gifts that may live ;
Yet there's dimness in mine eye
 When tales like yours are told,
And Mercy in her gentle sigh,
 Breathes, " Would that I had gold ! "

WHICH DO I LOVE THE BEST?

Which do I love the best ?
 Is it the mountain or main ?
The Land, with its sweet and posied breast,
 Or the Sea, with its wave-robed train ?
I merrily tread where the green hills spread,
 And talk to the flowers about ;
But whenever I ride on the trackless tide,
 The bells of my heart ring out.

I like the wind and its noisy mirth
 In the dark woods, far on the shore ;
 But I listen and think it plays on earth
 The tune of the Ocean's roar.
 Oh ! which can it be that is dearest to me—
 The stir of the Forest or dash of the Sea ?

Oh ! which do I love the best ?
 Is it the sod or the surf ?
 Does my rich draught lie in the spray leaping by,
 Or the nectar-dew spilt on the turf ?
 I have longed to dance where the moonbeams glance,
 With the sprites in a fairy ring ;
 But with wilder glow I have panted to know
 The secrets the mermaids sing.
 I have heard that I turned in my lisping time
 From the harp and the lily's white bell,
 To the black, salt weed, and the murmuring chime
 That dwelt in the red-lipped shell.
 Oh ! which can it be that is dearest to me —
 The furrow of Land or the billow of Sea ?

Which do I love the best ?
 Let my spirit be honest and say
 That it worships the waves in their rage or their rest,
 And dreams of them—far away.

I know full well there's a holy spell
 In the waters that binds my soul ;
 For they speak in a tone that I hear alone
 Where the flood and the foam-curl roll.
 I feel when I stand 'mid the marvels of Land,
 As though Angels were over the sod ;
 But I gaze on the deep from the desolate strand,
 And see more of the shadow of God.
 Oh ! there never was yet, and there never will be,
 A shrine for my love like the broad, blue Sea.

“ WHERE THE WEARY ARE AT REST.”

Grief is bitter o'er the dust,
 When we hear the churchyard knell ;
 But echoes of an upward trust
 Float around the tolling bell.
 Selfish, even in our love,
 Sorrow may become too deep ;
 And Faith and Patience often prove
 The stroke is kind that bids us weep.

Think, while mourning broken-hearted
O'er the friends that cheered and blessed,
We shall follow the departed,
“ Where the weary are at rest ! ”

It is well that we should sigh
When the dark-death shadows fall ;
But there's an eternal sky
Behind the tear-cloud of the pall.
Though the hour of parting brings
Anguish that we groan to hear,
Hope, sweet bird of promise, sings
In the yew tree of despair.
Let us hearken while her story
Whispers to the aching breast,
“ Those ye mourn are crowned with glory,
Where the weary are at rest ! ”

To ——.

ON HER BIRTHDAY, JULY 23RD, 1848.

“ I love thee ” is a “ cuckoo song,”
 But yet methinks the honest lay,
 Though growing somewhat old and long,
 Is suited to this happy day.

If I were rich, I’d give thee gems,
 And place rare flowers on thy breast,
 With ruby buds and emerald stems,
 And all the world holds bright and best.

But well thou knowest I’m here below
 With nothing but a tuneful reed,
 And hard and fast as I may blow,
 Still does it leave me “ poor indeed.”

I prize it though, and like the thing
 That leaves sweet clover for a thistle ;
 I think the tones that ducats fling
 Harsh music to my penny whistle.

And if I only offer thee
 What craving hands care not to take,
 'Tis much to know my gift will be
 Held dear, but for the giver's sake.

"I love thee," aye ! and love thee well ;
 And fondly hope that many a year
 Will test the lie cold cynics tell,
 And prove that hearts *can* be sincere.

I bless the day that shed its ray
 Of mortal light upon thy brow,
 And thank the God that lets thee stay
 To hear and trust my simple vow.

"I love thee," and my heart will bear
 The seal which thou hast set for ever ;
 Truth weaves the silken chain I wear,
 That death, and death alone, will sever.

"I love thee," but I do not ask
 Thy soul to shut its beams from any ;
 The wine that fills so choice a flask
 Should be a sparkling fount for many.

The rose most perfect in its hue
Has spreading leaves of kindred flush ;
And, like that rose, thy spirit too
Must warm and widen in its flush.

Thy fair esteem I fain would keep,
Thy tender faith I fondly crave,
So that thy speaking eye would weep
An honest tear above my grave.

I hail the day that gave to earth
A heart so brave, so just, so high :
Even as the glad bird notes the birth
Of spring-time bloom, and spring-time sky.

“ I love thee ” is a “ cuckoo song,”
But Heaven’s echo lurks about it ;
And mayst thou hear it oft and long,
And I be ’mid the first to shout it !

AN ENGLISH CHRISTMAS HOME.

A loud and laughing welcome to the merry Christmas bells,
All hail with happy gladness the well-known chant that swells ;
We list the pealing anthem chord, we hear the midnight strain,
And love the tidings that proclaim a Christmas-tide again.

But there must be a melody of purer, deeper sound,
A rich key-note whose echo runs through all the music round ;
Let kindly voices ring beneath low roof or palace dome,
For these alone are Christmas chimes that bless a Christmas Home.

CHORUS.

Then fill once more, from Bounty's store, red wine or nutbrown foam,
And drink to kindly voices in an English Christmas Home.

A blithe and joyous welcome to the berries and the
leaves

That hang about our household walls in dark and
rustling sheaves;

Up with the holly and the bay, set laurel on the board,
And let the mistletoe look down while pledging draughts
are poured.

But there must be some hallowed bloom to garland
with the rest,—

All, all must bring toward the wreath some flowers in
the breast;

For though green boughs may thickly grace low roof or
palace-dome,

Warm hearts alone will truly serve to deck a Christmas
Home.

CHORUS.

Then fill once more, from Bounty's store, red wine or
nutbrown foam,

And drink to honest hearts within an English Christmas
Home.

STANZAS BY THE SEA-SIDE.

Beautiful Ocean, how I loved thy face
 When mine was fresh and sparkling as thine own ;
 When my bold footstep took its toppling place,
 To see thee rise upon thy rock-piled throne.

Oh ! how I loved thee, when I bent mine ear
 To listen to the rosy sea-shell's hum,
 And stood in ecstasy of joyous fear,
 Daring thy broad and bursting wave to come.

When my wild breast beat high to see thee leap
 In stormy wrath around the beacon light ;
 And my eye danced to see thee swell and sweep,
 Like a blind lion wasting all thy might.

I loved thee when upon the shingle stones,
 I heard thy glassy ripples steal and drip,
 With the soft gush and gently murmured tones
 That dwell upon an infant's gurgling lip.

I loved thee with a childish dreaming zeal,
 That gazed in rapture and adored with soul ;
 And my proud heart, that stood like tempered steel
 Before harsh words, melted beneath thy roll.

Thou wert a part of God, and I could find
 Almighty tidings in thy mystic speech :
 Thou couldst subdue my strangely wayward mind,
 And tune the string no other hand could reach.

Eloquent Ocean, how I worshipped thee,
 Ere my young breath knew what it was to sigh ;
 Ere I had proved one cherished flower to be
 A thing of brightness, nurtured but to die.

Years have gone by since those light-footed days,
 And done their work, as years will ever do ;
 Setting their thorny barriers in Life's maze,
 And burying Hope's gems of rarest hue.

I have endured the pangs that all endure,
 Whose pulses quicken at the world's rude touch,
 Who dream that all they trust in must be sure,
 Though sadly taught that they may trust too much.

The cypress branch has trailed upon my way,
 Leaving the darkest shadow Death can fling ;
 My lips have quivered while they strove to pray,
 Draining the deepest cup that Grief can bring.

I have conned o'er the lessons hard to learn,—
 I have plucked Autumn leaves in fair Spring-time,
 I have seen loved ones go and ne'er return,
 And reared high shrines for ivy stalks to climb.

My chords of Feeling have been sorely swept,
 Rousing the strain whose echo ever floats ;
 And mournful measures, one by one, have crept
 After the sweet and merry prelude notes.

Yet, noble Ocean, do I hail thee now,
 With the exulting spirit-gush of old ;
 The same warm glory lights my breast and brow,
 Spreading unbidden—gleaming uncontrolled.

Scaling the green crag while thy rough voice raves,
 Here am I sporting on thy lonely strand ;
 Shrieking with glee, while hunted by thy waves,
 Foam on my feet, and sea-weed in my hand.

I stand again beside thee as I stood
 In panting youth, watching thy billows break,
 Fixed by the strong spell of thy headlong flood,
 Even as the bird is charm-bound by the snake.

Thou bringest visions—would that they could last—
 Thou makest me a laughing child once more,
 Casting away the garner of the Past,
 Heedless of all that Fate may have in store.

I feel beside thee like a captive one,
 Whose riven fetter-links are left behind,
 I love thee as the flower loves the sun,
 I greet thee as the incense greets the wind.

Thou wilt be haunting me when I am found
 Amid the valleys and green slopes of earth ;
 And I shall hear thy stunning revel-round,
 And see the gem-spray scattered in thy mirth.

Creation's first and greatest—though we part—
 Though with thy worshipped form I may not dwell,
 Thou art among the idols of my heart
 To which it never breathes the word—Farewell !

FAITH'S GUIDING STAR.

We find a glory in the flowers
 When snow-drops peep and hawthorn blooms,
 We see fresh light in spring-time hours
 And bless the radiance that illumes.
 The song of promise cheers with hope,
 That Sin or Sorrow cannot mar ;
 God's beauty fills the daisied slope,
 And keeps undimmed Faith's guiding star.

We find a glory in the smile
 That lives in childhood's happy face,
 Ere fearful doubt or worldly guile
 Has swept away the angel trace.
 The ray of promise shineth there,
 To tell of better lands afar ;
 God sends his image, pure and fair,
 To keep undimmed Faith's guiding star.

We find a glory in the zeal
 Of doting breast and toiling brain ;
 Affection's martyrs still will kneel,
 And song, though famished, pour its strain.

They lure us by a quenchless light,
And point where joy is holier far ;
They shed God's spirit, warm and bright,
And keep undimmed Faith's guiding star.

We muse beside the rolling waves,
We ponder on the grassy hill ;
We linger by the new-piled graves,
And find that star is shining still.
God in his great design hath spread
Unnumbered rays to lead afar,
They beam the brightest o'er the dead,
And keep undimmed Faith's guiding star.

ADDRESS TO THE FREEMASONS.

DELIVERED AT THEIR FESTIVAL, JUNE 21ST, 1848, IN AID
OF THE FUNDS OF THEIR ASYLUM FOR THE POOR
AND AGED MASONS.

A rich man lived 'mid all that life could know
Of Peace and Plenty in our lot below ;
His wealth was ready, and his hand was kind,
Where friends might sue, or rigid Duty bind ;
He gave to kindred, and bestowed his aid
Where Right could sanction the demand it made ;
But there he paused—his bosom never felt
Compassion's impulse kindle, rise, and melt :
With Stoic ease he turned from every cause
That had no claim except through Mercy's laws ;
And, coldly good, he measured out his span—
An honest, moral, true, and prudent man.

The rich man died, and, cleansed from earthly leaven,
Upward he sprung, on pinions stretched for heaven ;
Onward he soared, and well nigh reached the gate
Where Angel-sentries ever watch and wait

But there he fluttered, just below the place
 Where Bliss and Glory pour their crowning grace ;
 Striving with Hope to gain the eternal height,
 And weakly drooping as he sought the flight.
 “ ‘Tis vain,” the Angel-keeper cried, “ ‘tis vain,
 Thou must return and dwell on earth again.
 One feather more thy ample wings must wear,
 Ere they will lift thee through this ambient air ;
 Good as thou art, go back to human dust ;
 Man, to be God-like, must be *more* than *just*. ”

The humbled spirit took its downward way,
 And here resumed its working garb of clay ;
 For threescore years and ten it stemmed Life’s tide,
 And breathed and thought—the trying and the tried—
 Still was he honest—still he loved the best
 The ones who claimed the kindness in his breast.
 Still was he trusted as the type of truth—
 The moral oracle of age and youth—
 His love began with mother, wife, child, friend ;
 But there he found Affection must not *end*.
 His gentle sympathy now turned to heed
 The stranger’s sorrow and the stranger’s need.
 With right good-will he ever sought to dry
 The tear that dimmed the lonely orphan’s eye ;
 He gave his Pity and bestowed his gold
 Where want abided with the Poor and Old ;

He burst the bonds of duty's narrow thrall,
His soul grew wider, and he felt for *all*.

The Rich Man died—again his spirit flew
On through the broad Elysian fields of blue ;
Higher, still higher, till he saw once more
The crystal arch he failed to reach before ;
And, trembling there, he feared to task his might,
To travel further in the realms of light.

“ Fear not,” the Angel-warder cried, “ I see
The plume that now will waft thee on to me :
Thy wings have now the feather that alone
Lifts the created to the Father’s throne.
’Tis Mercy, bounteous Mercy, warm and wide,
That brings the mortal to the Maker’s side ;
’Tis dove-eyed Mercy deifies the dust.
Man, to be God-like, must be *more* than *just*.
Up to thy place.” The Spirit soon obeyed
The Angel’s words. A tone of music played
In melting murmurs round the fields of blue,
And Cherubs came to lead the Spirit through ;
The crystal portal opened at the strain—
The Spirit passed—the Angel watched again—
Still crying to the short-winged sons of dust,
“ Man, to be God-like, must be *more* than *just*.”

Ye willing workers in a sacred band,
Among the noblest in our noble land—
Ye gladly build in Charity's blest name
The Christian altars raised to England's fame ;
Altars that serve to break the storms that rage
In fearful gloom round Poverty and Age ;
Ye help the helpless with a cheerful zeal,
Ye feel for want as Man should ever feel,
Ye shed the essence of your God around,
For God is seen where Charity is found.

Fear not to die, for freely do ye spare
Some of the "talents" trusted to your care :
Well may ye hope to gain the highest flight
Toward the portal of celestial light ;
For if that portal Mercy's plume can win,
Ye bear the pinions that shall let you in.

THE DREAMER.

“ While we look, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen ; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.”—St. Paul.

“ Does Childhood love rich domes above,
 Or painted walls around ?
 Will marble floors arouse the step
 That falls with lightest bound ?

“ Ah, no ! ah, no ! it is not so ;
 The fair child goes
 To tread on tiny daisies
 Where the green blade grows.

“ Can Manhood’s heart so strangely part
 With all that’s fresh and true,
 That Care leaves not a loop-hole spot
 For spirit to look through ?

“ Ah, no ! ah, no ! it is not so ;
 His heart still glows,
 When some old haunt he traces
 Where the green blade grows.

" We wane away, till bent and grey,
 We creep where once we ran,
 And Age lies down and ends his race
 Where boyhood's race began,

" 'Tis there we sleep, where daisies peep,
 And sunset throws
 The promise of a morrow
 Where the green blade grows."

And thus, where the mallow
 Was fringing the shallow,

The Poet One sung to the summer-lit stream,
 And then he grew dizzy
 With watching how busy
 The swallows were chasing the gnats in the beam.

Then the minnow tribe swimming—
 The lotus-cup brimming,
 Had charms for his fancy, and lured him to stay,
 Till One, wiser and colder—
 A richer and bolder
 Among the world's denizens, broke on his way.

" What ! still idle, thou dreamer—
 Thou bubble-blown schemer,
 Still useless on earth ? " cried the sneer-darkened lip ;
 " Can that mortal inherit
 A shadow of merit,
 Who lives out the day seeing willow-leaves dip ?

“ You aid not in felling
 The wood for man’s dwelling—
 You twine not a thread for his doublet and vest—
 You’ve no sheaves for the binding—
 No mill for the grinding—
 No tool in the hand, and no corselet on breast !

“ No vessel is riding,
 That owneth thy guiding—
 Thou help’st not to fashion the hull nor the mast—
 You’ve no forge for her chain-gear,
 •No loom for her main-gear—
 No ball in the battle, no rope in the blast !

“ Thou art not a master
 Of forest or pasture—
 Thy name is unknown in the Commerce of Gold ;
 You’ve no dappled herds lowing,
 No purple grapes growing,
 No stock have you bought, and no land have you sold !

“ You delve not for fuel—
 You polish no jewel—
 You pave not the city—you plough not the sward ;
 You help not a neighbour
 With sweat-drop of labour—
 What right canst thou have at Humanity’s board ?

“ Where’s the profit in mounting
 The copse-hill, and counting
 The stars and the glow-worms that glimmer around ?
 Why, why dost thou wander
 Where brooklets meander,
 And listen as though there were speech in the sound ?

“ What lore are you gleaning
 While silently leaning
 O’er Spring’s simple snowdrop and Autumn’s dead leaf?
 Why waste your strong powers
 ’Mid green sod and flowers,
 When wealth is so mighty and life is so brief ?

“ Up, man, and be doing ;
 No longer be wooing
 The smiles of the moonlight and song of the bird ;
 Muse no more on the motion
 Of cloud-scud and ocean,
 But mix where the hum of the Active is heard.

“ Is it fair he should fatten,
 And revel and batten,
 Who ‘ draweth no water ’ and ‘ heweth no wood ? ’
 Shame, shame, to thee, dreamer !
 Thou bubble-blown schemer,
 Thy presence among us here cannot be good ! ”

* * * *

The dreamer replied not,
 He smiled not, he sighed not,
 A red brow was all that betokened his pride ;
 But while he was flushing,
 A Spirit came rushing
 In radiant glory, and stood by his side.

“ Look up, thou rebuker !
 Hard son of hard lucre ! ”
 The Immortal One cried, as the chiding one bent;
 “ ‘Tis time thou wert learning
 That he thou art spurning,
 Is here with great mission and sacred intent.

“ He was formed by the Maker,
 A favoured partaker
 Of all man can know of the Essence Divine ;
 God sent him forth singing,
 Like alchymist flinging
 A drop in the crude mass to melt and refine.

“ Your barn-mows o’erflowing—
 Your furnace flames glowing—
 Your freights on the sea, and your stores on the land ;
 Oh ! there’s fear in the pleasure
 That springs from such treasure,
 For the heart is too apt to grow hard as the hand.

“ The Creator, All-seeing,
 Knew well that each being
 Had strings of choice melody hid in his breast,
 Whose music, the clearest,
 The purest, the dearest,
 Could stir to wild gladness, or lull to sweet rest.

“ ‘Tis the music revealing
 Truth, Nature, and Feeling ;
 But strings of such texture had soon gathered rust,
 If they met with no finger,
 About them to linger,
 To tune the rich soul-chords, and sweep off the dust.

“ The loud chafing action
 Of Gold, Toil, and Faction,
 Had drowned the fine echo from Heaven now heard,
 If no minstrel were straying
 Among ye, and playing
 On notes that will only respond to his word.

“ The strains he is chanting
 Will set your souls panting
 With impulse of freedom and yearning of Love ;
 The song that he teaches
 Has magic that reaches
 Your brightest of earth-chains and links them above.

“ Ye are proud of the pine tree,
 The oak, and the vine tree,
 The rose on your bush, and the fruit on your wall ;
 But say, would ye shut out
 The fresh wind, or put out
 The sun, bringing perfume and beauty from all ?

“ As the fresh wind that hummeth,
 The Poet One cometh
 To stir into health the dense world-ridden brain ;
 As that sun paints the blossom,
 He tinges your bosom,
 With colours that shame all its clay-gathered stain.

“ The charm, in his keeping,
 Can comfort the weeping,
 Can soften the rugged, and strengthen the weak ;
 He wins, with devotion,
 Man’s noblest emotion,
 And telleth the things that none other can speak.

“ While thou art fulfilling,
 With sowing and tilling,
 The portion of duty God chose to assign ;
 This One is intrusted
 With talents, adjusted
 To render his office far higher than thine.

" The power he holdeth,
The scroll he unfoldeth,
Your utmost of striving will fail to obtain ;
God's rarest bequeathing
But lives in his breathing,
And think'st thou such gift was allotted in vain ?

" Go, go, thou rebuker,
Hard son of hard lucre !
Let the dreaming One rove as he lists on the sward ;
And tremble, ye Toilers,
Ye Spirit despoilers,
When the Poet is thrust from Humanity's board ! "

THE OLD PALACE.

Oh, the Palace looked so great and grand
 When its walls stood up in giant pride ;
 When it held the highest in the land,
 And its triumph-gates were flinging wide ;
 When its turrets bore the bannered staff,
 And the courtyard rung with the prancing hoof ;
 When the dancing strain and the revel laugh
 Went merrily up to the spanning roof.
 Oh ! the Palace was a noble place
 In its palmy days of strength and grace.

Tower and terrace have fallen low,
 And the banquet-hall is dimly seen,
 Through ivy and bindweed that twine as they go
 In shadowy folds of grey and green.
 Ages have blotted the sculptured crest,
 The wind sings through the portal stone ;
 It stands like an eagle's forsaken nest,
 Dreary and desolate, mournful and lone.
 The sun of its brightness for ever has set,
 But the lone old Palace is beautiful yet.

We may see a heart as grand and rare,
Stand like the Palace in its prime ;
Rich in all that is noble and fair,
Till stricken by Grief as the Palace by Time.
We may see the moss of a blighted trust
Creeping around its pillars of joy ;
But amid the ruin, the gloom, and the dust,
There's a glory abiding that nought can destroy :
For the true heart is great in its lonely decay,
As the Palace is grand in its passing away.

CHRISTMAS SONG OF THE POOR MAN.

" A merry Christmas, *Gentlemen*,"
 'Tis thus the ancient ditty runs,
 But minstrels chime no hailing rhyme
 For Poverty's low, haggard sons.
 A merry Christmas to ye all,
 Who sit beneath the green-twined roof,
 To mark how fast the snow-flakes fall,
 Or listen to the ringing hoof.
 A pleasant tune the north wind hums,
 When that's without, and ye within ;
 But like a serpent's fang it comes
 Upon the poor man's naked skin.
 A merry Christmas to ye all,
 Who fold warm robes o'er limb and breast,
 Who sleep enclosed by curtained wall,
 With blankets on your couch of rest.
 But I—the poor man—what shall be
 The merry Christmas tide to me ?

I've seen men hew the log trunk through,
 I've seen them bear the holly by,

To pile upon the sparkling hearth,
 And grace the stalled ox smoking high.
 The oak-root is a mighty thing,
 And beauteous the berry red,
 But hollow is the joy they bring
 To eyes that dimly look for bread.
 The poor man's fire!—pshaw! how should he
 Feel such a strange, luxurious want?
 The poor man's meal!—oh! let it be
 Some scrap, ungarnished, cold and scant.
 "A merry Christmas, Gentlemen,"
 'Tis thus the ancient ditty runs;
 But nought we hear of welcome cheer
 For Poverty's low, haggard sons;
 Nor malt, nor meat, nor fruit, nor wine,
 Oh, a merry Christmas will be mine!

A rapid ding-dong swelleth round,
 The giant steeples shake with glee,
 And mistletoe is gaily bound
 With branches from the laurel tree.
 The midnight gloom is deep—but, hark
 The tones of kindly custom flow,
 Sweet music cometh in the dark,
 With voices greeting as they go.
 "A merry Christmas, Gentlemen,"
 Aye, great ones, it is all your own,

The hour is sung, the harp is strung,
 Where Plenty flings her treasures down :
 What has the poor man got to do
 With bells and bay-wreaths, songs and mirth ?
 Let me creep on with Misery's crew,
 'Twixt piercing sky and frozen earth ;
 Nor malt, nor meat, nor fruit, nor wine,
 Oh, a merry Christmas tide is mine !

The rich man's boy laughs loud to find
 Thick ice upon the streamlet's tide ;
 His round cheeks freshen in the wind,
 His warm feet bound along the slide.
 But little loves the poor man's heir
 Upon the stagnant rill to look ;
 He crouches from the biting air,
 His thin blood curdles with the brook.
 The well-born daughter smiles to think
 How gay the lighted room will seem
 When friends shall meet to dance and drink,
 And all be glad as fairy dream.
 The poor man's girl shall only care
 To hug her tattered garment tight,
 To wring the hoar frost from her hair,
 And pray that sleep may come with night.
 Pale children of a pauper slave,
 Rare Christmas gambols ye will have !

"A merry Christmas, Gentlemen,"

Fill, fill your glasses high and fast ;
The north wind's shriek is fiercely bleak,—

What matter ! let it rattle past.

"A merry Christmas, Gentlemen,"

Feast on, and chant a blithesome strain,
The cutting chill grows bleaker still,—

What matter ! fill the glass again.

Stir up the blaze—rejoice and feed,

Shout and be happy as ye can,

My groan arrests ye ! take no heed,
'Tis but a hungry fellow-man.

"A merry Christmas, Gentlemen,"

'Tis thus the ancient ditty runs,
No tongues shall sing, no bells shall ring,

For Poverty's low, haggard sons ;
Nor malt, nor meat, nor fruit, nor wine,
Oh, a merry Christmas tide is mine !

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